

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



VOL. XLIV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1928.

No. 4.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	127
THE WHITE PAPER	130
THE NAVAL AGREEMENT THROUGH AMERICAN EYES. By Leonard Stein	131
LIBERALS AND LABOUR. By J. L. Hammond	132
THE INTERNATIONAL RAT. By C. A. M.	133
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	134
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: The Belgian Activists (Herman Vos, and The Writer of the Article); The Existence of Moses (Dr. A. S. Peake); The Liberal Temperance Policy (D. C. Dering); The Buying of Books (Edward Green); Trinity Great Gate (Alice Johnson); Women and Industry (Vera Brittain); The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (A. Trystan Edwards); "The Bishops' False Move" (Rev. A. H. T. Clarke); A Language Difficulty (V. Sitaramiah); Strindberg and the Public (Lionel Barfon)	135-138
ROGER BACON AND HIS "OPUS MAJUS." By Charles Singer	138
OUR VILLAGE. By J. B. S. B.	140
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	141
THE SHADOW. Poem by A. R. U.	143
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—Slapdashdom. By Leonard Woolf	144

	PAGE
REVIEWS:—	
Goethe Again. By G. Lowes Dickinson	146
Enchantment. By Barrington Gates	148
Republican Germany	150
A Good Beginning. By Raymond Mortimer	150
Many Adventures. By C. Ernest Fayle	152
An English Socialist	152
Electricity	154
Angels on Horseback	154
Style and the Naturalist	156
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE	156
BOOKS IN BRIEF	156
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	156
FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
The Week in the City	158

THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.
Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.
Telephone: Business Manager: Museum 5551.
Editorial: Museum 5552.
Telegrams: "Nationetta, Holb. London."

Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE documents embodying the proposed naval compromise have now been published as "Papers Regarding the Limitation of Naval Armaments" (Cmd. 3211, 9d.). They begin with the draft Conventions laid before the Preparatory Commission by the British and French Governments, together with extracts from speeches by various delegates to the Commission. Then comes the record of a conversation between Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand at Geneva in March, 1928, in which the former put forward new proposals by the Admiralty, and stated that, if he could point to concessions by France on the naval side, public opinion "would probably acquiesce in his yielding a point on the military side." After further extracts from the proceedings of the Commission, come the three Notes in which the actual terms of the Compromise took shape. The later documents include a telegram from the British Ambassador at Berlin, describing the apprehensions excited in Germany by the revelations of the French Press, with Sir Austen Chamberlain's reply; a long explanatory telegram to Washington; the full text of the American, Japanese, and Italian Notes, and, finally, a dispatch by Lord Cushendun to British Ambassadors abroad, reviewing the whole course of the negotiations and the present position.

The full text of the Notes embodying the compromise confirms the accuracy of the summary in the ECHO DE PARIS, with the important exception that the

class of cruiser to be limited is defined as, "Surface vessels of or below 10,000 tons, armed with guns of more than 6-in. and up to 8-in. calibre," thus leaving unlimited the construction of 10,000-ton cruisers with 6-in. guns. This proposal, which might be regarded as a concession to the American demand for ships with a wide radius of action, appears first in Sir Austen Chamberlain's Note of June 26th, 1928, and is there attributed to a suggestion made by a French representative at Geneva. The Admiralty proposals which he put forward in March contemplated the limitation of cruisers and destroyers by two tonnage categories, "Cruisers between 10,000 and 7,000 tons," and "Surface vessels under 7,000 tons"—almost precisely the scheme which the United States had already definitely rejected. Indeed, the most astonishing feature of the whole correspondence is the calm ignoring by both sides of the proceedings at the Three-Power Conference. On this, and on other aspects of the whole wretched bungle as revealed by the White Paper, we comment at length elsewhere.

The most dangerous feature of the present situation is the complacency of those in authority. Lord Cushendun in his final review seems much more disturbed by the universal criticism of the Government's policy of semi-secrecy, than by the rejection of the compromise and its effects on the prospects of disarmament. Mr. Bridgeman takes the opportunity to inform the Institution of Mechanical Engineers that the Kellogg Pact is much more important than a formula

for armament limitation, and that naval efficiency is "that most desirable form of insurance." Mr. Churchill declares to his constituents that "if another war broke out it would be entirely on the question of how to prevent it," and that there are times when the discussion of disarmament had better be left alone. Meanwhile, we hear from Washington that the publication of the White Paper has emphasized American scepticism as to the possibility of any progress in the near future; and that even Senator Borah is now a convert to the need for a greatly increased American Navy, as a lever in any future discussions. The German Press describes the compromise as a mere political "deal." French journals are mainly concerned with the "extraordinary malignity" of German, American, and British critics.

* * *

On June 24th last the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain expired. So long ago as December 29th, 1927, the United States Government submitted the draft of a new treaty. The delay in replying has been attributed to the necessity of consulting the Dominions; but it is expected that, with the return of the British Ambassador to Washington, negotiations will shortly be opened. Washington desires to exempt from the operation of the treaty questions involving the Monroe Doctrine, and it seems to be anticipated that Great Britain will make a similar reservation in respect of the undefined territory for which a "British Monroe Doctrine" was created by the reservations to the Kellogg Pact. This, in its turn, would probably lead to a hardening of American opinion in favour of a more emphatic reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine itself, and fears have been expressed that it would jeopardize the prospect of an unqualified ratification by the Senate of the Kellogg Pact. It would be nothing less than a disaster that the arbitration treaty should be the occasion of yet another Anglo-American wrangle. Members of the British Government have repeatedly declared a war with the United States to be "unthinkable." Then, what need is there of reservations?

* * *

Mr. Churchill's hurried visit to Paris last week gave publicity to the fact that Reparations discussions are in progress. We may take it that these discussions will shortly result in the appointment of a committee, representative of the various Governments, to review the problem. But the chances that this committee will succeed in evolving an acceptable solution seem to us from from good. The American Government is as far as it has ever been from a readiness to admit a connection between Reparations and war debts. We stand very naturally by the Balfour Note. Failing a compensating reduction in her debt obligations, France is unlikely to agree to a really substantial scaling-down of the Dawes annuities, anxious though she is to convert part of her Reparations claims into cash. And Germany is not likely to find any settlement attractive which does not scale down the Dawes annuities substantially. The prospect of overcoming these difficulties is not made more encouraging by the fact that the most illusory ideas obviously prevail in Paris as to the extent to which it is possible to unload Germany's Reparations obligations on to the American and British investors.

* * *

What makes a Reparations settlement peculiarly difficult just now is that opinions on the old question of Germany's "capacity to pay" differ more widely than they have ever done since the illusions of 1919 were dispelled. On the one hand, it has become fashionable again, as the result of the smooth working of the Dawes plan up to date, to argue that the stress hitherto

laid on the difficulty of "transfer" is altogether absurd, and that there can be no difficulty in Germany transferring as much money as she can raise by taxation for the purpose. We observe this week that the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and its City Editor associate themselves with this line of reasoning. It is a line, of course, which points to the conclusion that Germany can easily pay the full Dawes annuities. On the other hand, there are those who maintain that transfer is a very real difficulty where large payments are concerned, and that what is possible in the way of transfer has not yet been tested, partly because the Dawes annuities have not yet risen to the high levels which they will shortly assume, and partly because Germany has been borrowing from abroad on a very large scale, which is not likely to continue. According to this view, it remains highly probable that the maximum Dawes annuities will prove untransferable. So long as such widely different views are entertained by competent persons, it will not be easy to negotiate a final Reparations settlement. France will be reluctant to abate claims which Germany may be able to meet quite easily; while Germany will be reluctant to rivet more firmly upon herself obligations which may prove beyond her strength.

* * *

For such reasons we are not hopeful of an early Reparations settlement. All the more, therefore, do we deplore the fact that the British Government should have associated itself at Geneva with the French contention that the evacuation of the Rhineland must depend on a Reparations settlement. This condition is utterly indefensible in principle, and our endorsement of it may serve very seriously to obstruct the course of European appeasement.

* * *

A new and disquieting turn of the political kaleidoscope in Germany has resulted in the election of Herr Hugenberg, the chief of the reactionary wing, as national leader of the Nationalist Party, although Count Westarp, the representative of a more moderate group, will continue, apparently, to lead the party in the Reichstag. Herr Hugenberg, a leading industrialist, and an ex-director of Krupps, has devoted himself, of recent years, to the organization of the Nationalist Press, and controls both the BERLIN LOKAL ANZEIGER and DER TAG. He is regarded as the political driving force of the Steel-helmet Association, and his programme includes a vigorous repudiation of Herr Stresemann's foreign policy, and the preservation of the German spirit through the semi-military organizations. Herr Mark, at a Centre Party meeting, went so far as to describe his election as a menace to the internal peace of Germany. Its most disquieting significance lies in the fact that this swing to the extreme right in the Nationalist Party is a natural response to the French attitude on the Rhineland and Reparations, and will gain force from the new turn in British policy.

* * *

A contract for the supply of electrical apparatus to Russia has been concluded between the General Electric Company of the United States and the Amtorg Trading Corporation, which involves the extension of long-term credits, to an ultimate maximum of \$26,000,000. The significance of this transaction lies in the fact that the financial embargo laid by the State Department on the raising of Russian loans in the States has hitherto discouraged the granting of long-term industrial credits. The standing of the General Electric Company, however, is such that its lead is likely to be followed, and the effect must be to undermine, to some extent, the official policy of non-recognition. Both here and in the

United States, the stupid policy of boycott is gradually crumbling under the impact of economic necessity and business opportunities.

* * *

The Nationalist Government in China, having settled its constitution, is steadily settling down to serious business. The appointment of Mr. A. H. F. Edwardes as Officiating Inspector-General of Customs, is accepted as evidence that the Customs administration is to be maintained on its old basis, and this is a good omen for the restoration of Chinese credit. Negotiations have been opened with Mukden which, it is hoped, may result in the return of a large quantity of railway rolling stock carried away by the Northern armies in their retreat. A provisional settlement of the Nanking incident has been agreed with France. Italy has opened discussions for a new commercial treaty. Conversations with Japan on the tariff and other outstanding issues are still going on, and their course indicates at least a strong desire on both sides for a friendly settlement. Great as are the difficulties of a general settlement of the problems of tariff revision and extra-territoriality, the outlook is far brighter than it has ever been before.

* * *

Lively developments are foreshadowed by Mr. Bevin's announcement that the Transport and General Workers' Union is to extend its membership to seamen. This is a sequel to the expulsion of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union from the Trades Union Congress. The relations between that Union and the Congress have been stormy ever since the days of the war; they were embittered by Mr. Havelock Wilson's campaign against the Reds, and his objections to the merging of industrial and political activities; and they were finally brought to a head by the support given by the seamen to the non-political miners' movement. The Transport and General Workers' Union will probably gain members rapidly among the cooks and stewards, who have a grievance against Mr. Havelock Wilson, and only about 25 per cent. of whom are members of the Seamen's Union. They are likely to have much greater difficulties in their assault on the Seamen's Union itself. Mr. Havelock Wilson is a born fighter; whatever his methods, he has gained much for the seamen; and the Seamen's Union will have every possible support from the shipowners, who have known, since the establishment of the National Maritime Board, a freedom from labour troubles enjoyed by few industries.

* * *

Trade-union circles are exercised over the dismissal of an employee from Woolwich Arsenal. The man, an avowed Communist, held the post of mechanic examiner in the inspection of naval ordinance department, and was given the option of renouncing Communism or forfeiting his employment, with the result that he was dismissed. The Amalgamated Engineering Union, of which the man is a member, made representations to the Admiralty that he had been victimized for his political beliefs. The Admiralty replied that the dismissed worker, being a Communist, was necessarily a revolutionary, and that it was contrary to public policy to employ such persons in arsenals and dockyards; adding that the same course would be pursued in all similar cases. The Amalgamated Union of Engineers has referred the question to the Trades Union Congress, which will have to make up its mind whether "victimization" of a trade unionist or a necessary act of discipline in the public service has taken place. The question is a nice one. On the one hand, there are solid grounds for the reluctance of Government departments to employ persons owning divided allegiance.

On the other hand, to make the holding or non-holding of certain opinions a condition of employment creates a new precedent which is clearly capable of undesirable development.

* * *

The Australian strike of Waterside Workers has collapsed, the men having decided to register under the Transport Workers Act, and continue the fight by other means—that is to say, by an agitation for the repeal of the Act. Meanwhile, the members of the Unions, where they can obtain employment, are working alongside volunteer workers introduced for the purpose of breaking the strike. There is no doubt that the failure of the strike was due to the fact that the flouting of the Beeby award and the methods adopted by the waterside workers in the past, ranged the bulk of the population solidly behind the Government in resisting what was regarded as an attempt to intimidate the Commonwealth by paralyzing its vital services. There is equally no doubt that the permanent features embodied in the emergency legislation hold the seeds of big trouble in the future. In the meantime, the centre of interest has shifted to the Federal elections, in which the "law and order" issue will be given a prominent place in the platform of Government candidates, and Labour will have much to say about victimization.

* * *

A minor issue of Australian politics has a useful lesson for our Protectionists at home. Representatives of the grape-growing districts have been urging on Mr. Bruce the necessity of an increase in the bounty on export wines. Mr. Bruce replies roundly that the wine-makers had derived immense benefits from the bounty and had made no effort to solve the problems of the industry or assist the growers; if they were unable to dispose of their products they were content to say "it is the Government's fault." For his part he declared that, if the wine-makers could not find a solution by which the grape crop could be absorbed, the export of wines would cease to have any particular interest for the Government; if they would not make any attempt to reorganize the industry, the Government would give them short shrift.

* * *

We congratulate the SPECTATOR on its centenary, which it is to celebrate next week. In honour of the occasion, a dinner is to be given next Tuesday, by Major Astor, at the Claridge's Hotel, at which a distinguished company, including the Prime Minister, is to be present. Next Saturday (November 3rd) the SPECTATOR will publish a Centenary Number, nearly five times the size of the normal issue, containing articles by Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Darwin, John Galsworthy, and many other distinguished writers. Meanwhile, a book entitled "The Story of the SPECTATOR, 1828-1928," by Sir William Beach Thomas, has just appeared, full notice of which we must defer until next week. Under its founder, Rintoul, the SPECTATOR speedily won a position of real influence and established the reputation for sincerity and independence of judgment which it has never lost. It was the SPECTATOR which coined the famous slogan, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," in the struggle for Reform. During the American Civil War, it filled the same rôle in the Press that John Bright filled in Parliament and on the platform of defending the cause of the North warmly, and almost alone. The part played by the SPECTATOR under St. Loe Strachey in the Tariff Reform controversy is a matter of current memory. The steady career and continued success of the SPECTATOR stand out in sharp contrast to the vicissitudes of most British journals.

THE WHITE PAPER

AS we expected, the White Paper, published this week (Cmd. 3211), adds little to our knowledge of either the substance or the history of the ill-starred Franco-British compromise. The last Parisian leakage—that in the *ECHO DE PARIS*—had supplied a summary of the correspondence between the two Governments which turns out to have been full and accurate. It is now officially confirmed that our Government was so eager to secure the agreement of France to the proposition that 6-in.-gun cruisers should be excluded from the scope of naval limitation as to agree in return: (1) that submarines up to 600 tons should likewise be unlimited; (2) that all Powers should be entitled formally to parity as regards the larger classes of cruisers and submarines (a concession which may seriously complicate the renewal of the Washington Treaty in 1931); and (3) to withdraw its opposition to the French proposals regarding army reservists.

That the whole affair represents a gross blunder is almost common ground in this country. The only question on which opinions differ is as to how far the blunder is to be attributed to sheer ineptitude, and how far to wrong-headed policy. This is an important question, because the chance of repairing the mischief turns largely upon it.

From this standpoint it is reassuring that the evidence of ineptitude is on some points overwhelming. Nothing but the most stupid pedantry can account for the long refusal of the British Government to divulge the terms of the agreement, or to give any indication of its character, when the process of leakage was in full operation in Paris. There can have been no idea of concealing any part of the transaction from the interested Governments, for the White Paper shows that the German Government was informed as early as August 5th of our concession on the point of reservists. Again, there is evidence of extraordinary incompetence in the failure to make any attempt to represent the agreement in a favourable light when submitting it to the United States. This is a matter which deserves some words of explanation.

The question has been widely asked: How, in the light of the story of the Three-Powers Conference, could the British Government have imagined for a moment that a proposal to limit large cruisers and to exempt small cruisers would prove acceptable to the United States? The American Government took this point in its reply, arguing that the "same proposal" which the American delegation had rejected at Geneva was "now presented in a new and even more objectionable form." It is now contended that this is unfair to the Franco-British proposal. At Geneva last year, the British delegation proposed to divide cruisers into two classes, in accordance not only with the calibre of the guns they carried, but with their tonnage. The light class of cruisers, for which they proposed a large tonnage allowance, was defined by the limits of 6-in. guns and 6,000

tons. The reasons given by the Americans for declining this proposal were reasons which were mainly relevant to the tonnage limit. They argued principally that, owing to their lack of naval bases, only cruisers with a large radius of action were of any use to them. But a cruiser's radius of action depends on its tonnage, not on the calibre of its guns. There is nothing absurd in a 10,000-ton cruiser with 6-in. guns; and the Franco-British proposal would have left the United States free to have as many such cruisers as she chose.

It is claimed, therefore, that the Franco-British compromise represented a genuine attempt to find a new basis of agreement, and that it was by no means a foregone conclusion that America would reject it. We can only say that it is a great pity that pains were not taken to make this point clear not only to the Naval Department, but to American public opinion and to the world at large. If, in submitting the agreement to Washington, our covering letter had pointed out the material difference between the new classification of cruisers and that proposed at Geneva, it would at least have been impossible for the American Note to have described it as merely "the same proposal . . . in a new and even more objectionable form"; and the impression left on the public mind on both sides of the Atlantic would have been less disagreeable. There is no diplomatic tradition against pointing such things out. The White Paper contains a long dispatch from Lord Cushendun early in August seeking to remove "misapprehension at Washington," explaining why we had given way on the point of reservists, and so forth; but not a word on the point which the semi-official apologists are now beginning to stress.

When the fullest allowance is made for this feature of the compromise, it remains extremely difficult to reconcile the whole transaction with a genuine desire to come to terms with the United States. For no one with any knowledge of the American attitude—and surely our Foreign Office contains people with some knowledge of America—could have rated the chance of American acceptance very high. The most favourable way in which the proposal can be represented to America is that, if she will agree to exclude from limitation the cruisers which we want to build, we will agree to exclude also, not exactly the cruisers which she wants to build, but cruisers which we say will serve her needs as well. This is a proposal not to solve but to shelve the main problem of limitation. Doubtless there would be some real advantage in getting an international agreement to limit 8-in.-gun cruisers; but this is an advantage which America is not at all in a mood to appreciate.

Clearly, therefore, the British Government cannot have thought it very likely, even though they may have thought it possible, that the United States would accept the Franco-British proposals as a basis of discussion. What, then, are we to make of the procedure they adopted? If they had been alive to the supreme im-

portance of coming to terms with America, one would have expected them to have sounded America at the outset, before committing themselves deeply with the French. What they did was to execute a quite elaborate bargain with France, covering submarines and nominal parity, and throwing in our concession about the reservists, before approaching the United States at all. This, we say, is not the procedure of men who seriously hoped to settle with America. It is the procedure of men who had virtually abandoned the idea of settling with America, and who were thinking in terms of fixing up a scheme for a so-called Limitation of Armaments, from which America would stand aloof.

In this connection one of the earlier documents in the White Paper deserves notice. No. 10 records a conversation between M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain at Geneva on March 9th. Already we find Sir Austen stating that "public opinion would probably acquiesce" in his conceding the point about the reservists, "if he could point to a concession by the French in naval matters." This was months before the idea of the 6-in. gun proposal had arisen. The White Paper sets out the proposals which our Admiralty was then putting forward; and they are practically identical with those which America rejected last year. More clearly, perhaps, than any other document in the White Paper, this "record of a conversation" shows the extraordinary eagerness of our Government to secure an arrangement with France, and their no less extraordinary indifference to the acceptability of the arrangement to the United States.

The whole conduct of the affair by the Government represents an utterly false approach to the problem of naval limitation. In the naval sphere, agreement with America should be our primary objective. To treat agreement with America as subordinate in importance to agreement with France is perverse and disastrous folly.

This brings us to what is now the really important question. It is common to speak as though the compromise was dead, killed by the unfavourable replies of America and Italy. But is it really dead? Or are parts of it still alive? Are we free to withdraw our concession about army reservists? And, if not, are the Government content that we should have given this point away for no advantage whatsoever? Again, if the compromise itself is dead, is the policy behind it dead? In this connection, M. Briand's words are important. If the other naval Powers should decline to accept the agreement, the two Governments, he declared, would be "under the urgent obligation (*l'impérieux devoir*) to concert either to ensure success by other means or to adopt a common policy so as to deal with the difficulties which would inevitably arise. . . ." These are words of vague but potentially vast significance; there was no reference to them in the British reply. But what is our Government's position? Does it recognize any imperious obligation? And, if so, what?

These are questions that will need to be pressed

by Parliament next month. The mood of our Ministers, judging from Mr. Churchill's speech on Monday, appears to be that it is a mistake to try to limit armaments at all, since the attempt to do so provokes so much ill feeling. And it may well be that the least mischievous course of which our present Government is now capable is to let the whole matter drop. But the view that Armament Limitation does not greatly matter is frivolous and shallow. Those who are alive to the profound importance of the question can now only hope for the early advent of another Government capable of giving a new direction to British policy.

THE NAVAL AGREEMENT THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

A STRIKING feature of recent American comment on the Anglo-French Agreement is the unanimity with which newspapers of all shades of opinion emphasize the misgivings of the British Press with regard to this transaction, and its friendly reception of the American Note.

To take first a typical provincial organ, the ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT (September 26th) begins an editorial headed "A British Blunder," by observing that "the British Government has been and is being severely criticized by the Press and people of England for the manner in which it has handled the so-called naval disarmament agreement with France." Quotations follow from the OBSERVER and the EVENING STANDARD, and the conclusion is reached that "the English Press and people realize that their Government has blundered in the matter, and they don't like it a bit." Another provincial organ, the INDIANAPOLIS NEWS (September 18th), tells its readers that "it appears from London reports that public opinion has been moving towards the conviction that an Anglo-French naval agreement over the protest of the United States is unwisely provocative." In the same strain, the CHICAGO POST (September 27th) observes that "perhaps the most encouraging phase of the situation is the storm of criticism which has been aroused in Great Britain. In view of the fact that a General Election is approaching in that country, the storm may influence the Government to reconsider its policy." The NEW YORK PRESS develops this theme in greater detail. In an editorial claiming credit for having brought to light, by means of the Horan dispatch, "the conspiracy of the British and French naval authorities against the United States Navy," the NEW YORK AMERICAN (September 26th) prints in heavy type a quotation from the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, and declares that "the frank attitude of the British Press, as represented by the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, the LONDON TIMES, the DAILY HERALD, and the DAILY EXPRESS, stresses the folly of that little clique which runs the British Government along the old lines of secret diplomacy and balance of power." The more responsible Metropolitan dailies, while using less violent language with regard to the Agreement itself, are equally explicit on the subject of its reception by the British Press. The London correspondent of the NEW YORK TIMES reports (September 27th) that "one finds that many quarters in England condemn the naval accord," and proceeds to quote at length from the TIMES, the DAILY NEWS, and the DAILY HERALD. The HERALD-TRIBUNE (September 28th) prints a dispatch from London to the effect that "following the lead of almost all other responsible organs of British public opinion, the Sunday journals to-morrow are turning a heavy artillery barrage against the Conservative Government." The

WORLD (September 25th) states that "it is due to England to say that denunciation of the secret nature of the Agreement has nowhere been stronger than in the British Press. Dominant English opinion has been as hostile as German or American opinion."

The British reception of the American Note is similarly recorded and appreciated. An Associated Press dispatch from London, dated September 29th, quotes the views of seven representative London dailies to show that "sharp criticism of the British Government and gratification that the door was not slammed upon further discussion are the outstanding points in the majority of newspaper comments to-day on the United States' rejection of the Anglo-American Naval proposals." The HERALD-TRIBUNE (September 30th) reports that "no single important organ of British opinion contains anything but favourable reaction to the exposition of the American position as set forth in the State Department's Note," and adds that there is evidence of "a more unanimously friendly tone towards the United States than has been displayed at any time during the last ten years." Whatever other conclusions they may have formed with regard to the Agreement, intelligent American newspaper-readers can hardly be under any misapprehension as to the degree of popular support which it commands in Great Britain.

It need hardly be said that the American Press is unanimous and emphatic in its endorsement of the State Department's Note. There is not the slightest reason to doubt that in this matter the Government has a united public opinion behind it. Even the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Norman Thomas, is quoted as saying that "for the first time in my life I find myself in accord with something which has been done by the Coolidge Administration." The Press comments are in some cases of a decidedly pointed character. The NEW YORK DAILY NEWS (September 30th) compliments the Government on having "concocted a diplomatic note which makes the United States talk like a man among adult nations instead of like an alabaster-browed uplifter among thugs. . . . As notice to the world that the United States is not as gullible as of yore, the document could not be improved upon." The WASHINGTON STAR (September 29th) declares that "American diplomacy at one stroke tears the veil of secrecy from the face of an unsavoury European diplomatic transaction and unequivocally affirms the United States' disinclination to fall into the trap it would have laid." Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in his column in the NEW YORK AMERICAN (September 29th), characteristically remarks that "the answer to the Franco-British plan notifies Europeans, none too soon, that this is an independent country, not a British or French dominion." The more responsible organs express themselves much less provocatively, but their approval is equally unqualified. The WORLD's view (October 1st) is that the Kellogg Note "points convincingly to rejection as proper, not only in America's interests, but in the interests of Europe and the world." The HERALD-TRIBUNE (September 29th) describes the Note as "moderate and courteous in tone, but vigorous and clean-cut in reasoning." Even the NEW YORK TIMES, which on September 23rd published a remarkable editorial deprecating misconceived protests against an Anglo-French understanding, agreed on October 1st that the Kellogg Note "happily combines strength with suavity," at the same time pointing out that "it leaves the door open for concerted agreements, to which the United States pledges itself to give sympathetic co-operation."

Like the Kellogg Note itself, the comments of the more representative newspapers, though firm in substance, are restrained in tone. But the man in the street can hardly fail to have received very definite and very disagreeable impressions from what he has seen in the Press since the

tide of speculation and discussion was set vigorously flowing by the publication of the Horan dispatch on September 21st. It has been pointed out to him in innumerable articles that at the very moment when they were signing the Kellogg Peace Pact, Great Britain and France were engaged, behind the back of the United States, in furtive negotiations designed at once to cripple the American Navy and to place the United States in a false position at any future Disarmament Conference. It has also been pointed out to him that—to quote the NEW YORK HERALD (September 28th)—"almost coincidentally with the receipt of the American Note replying to the Anglo-French 'compromise,' the British Admiralty announced that they had accepted the bid of Sir John Jackson for the construction of the new Singapore dockyard, thus insuring the completion of the world's most powerful fleet base within the contract time of seven years." He has further been reminded (NEW YORK TIMES, September 28th) that "alongside the Admiralty announcement that the Singapore base would be built after all comes a statement by Prime Minister Baldwin in a speech at Great Yarmouth, that Sir Austen Chamberlain, under whose direction the naval understanding with France was prepared, 'has handled foreign affairs with skill and patience during the last four years,' and expression of the hope and belief that he will handle them for another four years."

Nourished on such a diet day after day, what can the man in the street be expected to think, no matter how fairly the Press may have represented the attitude of the British Press and public opinion? No wonder that the NEW REPUBLIC, surveying the situation on October 3rd, draws the melancholy conclusion that the Agreement "has blown a chill wind of distrust over Anglo-American relations at the moment when it was hoped that the Kellogg Treaty would have an opposite effect, and has heartened the big-navy men in the United States as they have not been heartened in years."

LEONARD STEIN.

LIBERALS AND LABOUR

BY a series of blunders for which the blame must be divided between Liberal leaders and Labour leaders the House of Commons that was elected in 1923 came to an untimely end in 1924. When that happened an acute observer remarked to a friend, "The election will produce an overwhelming Conservative majority, not because the country wants Conservative policy, but because large numbers of people will argue that if the Liberal and Labour Parties cannot work together or tolerate each other a Conservative Government is the alternative to perpetual elections. Fortunately the Conservative Party is led by a man of liberal mind who wants peace abroad and at home. A young man eager about improvement might well join the Conservative Party at this moment in order to strengthen Mr. Baldwin's hand in his own party."

This forecast was justified completely so far as its first part was concerned. Mr. Baldwin admitted more than once after the election that he represented Liberal votes as well as Conservative votes, and he promised that this fact would be remembered in his legislation. And for some time, down in fact to the General Strike, it looked as if those reformers who had voted Conservative from faith in Mr. Baldwin would have no reason to repent their conduct; the invitation to the chief industrial Powers to confer in London on the Washington Convention in order to put it into practice was an encouraging sign, and there were others. In foreign affairs when the Locarno Treaty was signed and Germany entered the League it looked as if Mr. Baldwin's Government had set its heart on playing the part of peacemaker in Europe and of strengthening the League of Nations.

How different is the prospect to-day. Mr. Galsworthy has lately described in a moving article in the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* the distress he has seen in one of the coalfields. He describes a population that finds itself in a plight comparable to that of the handloom weavers who suffered a lingering death a century ago. At that time society was ill equipped for the task of industrial reorganization, and such pain and loss went unrelieved. To-day it is not knowledge but will that is lacking; will in the right place. For this is not a catastrophe produced by some sudden and unforeseen stroke. It was expected, and economists and men of experience in industrial and public affairs were consulted. Warnings were given; plans were outlined; reforms were recommended. These reforms were not approved by the mineowners, who suggested a remedy of their own. There is no doubt that the number of persons who favoured the reforms suggested by the economists was larger than the number of those who favoured the remedy suggested by the mineowners. There is little doubt that the majority included supporters, members, and the leader of Mr. Baldwin's Government. But the liberal spirit in the Government was not strong enough to hold its own when the General Strike and the obstinate mistakes of Mr. Cook and his colleagues gave the opposite school its opportunity. The Government took the mineowners' remedy, and we are where we are. Yet there are still a great many Liberals who think it worse to run the risk of confusing Liberalism and Labour, and a great many Labour politicians who think it worse to run the risk of confusing Labour with Liberalism than to leave the mining industry to its fate.

If the argument for co-operation between Liberals and Labour men on domestic grounds is strong, it is not as strong as the argument provided by the state of foreign politics. The events of the last few months must have made even the stoutest optimists quake about the future of Europe. War came in 1914 because the peace of the world depended on the maintenance of an unsteady equilibrium. Nobody can study the picture given in the last Foreign Office volume of the china shop in which the chief Powers were watching and checking each other without seeing that a crash was certain unless everybody moved about with steps as delicate as those of Agag. A genius or a miracle might have made peace secure, but in a Europe so organized governed by very ordinary men, peace was at the mercy of the first bad fit of temper or the first bad fit of panic. After the war everybody was agreed that some other basis must be found for peace, and the League of Nations was offered as the substitute for the method of equilibrium. The great difficulty was that so long as the relations of the Allies to Germany were those of a man to a wolf that he holds by the ears, it was impossible to create the atmosphere in which the League could become an effective power. It was the great achievement of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who improved our relations at once with France and with Germany that he relieved this tension, and when Sir Austen Chamberlain signed the Treaty of Locarno and Germany entered the League of Nations, it looked as if a determined effort was to be made by Mr. Baldwin's Government to bring England, France, and Germany together for the defence of peace. Why that effort was abandoned is at present a mystery, but there is unfortunately no mystery about the fact. We are moving from the method of the League to the method of the equilibrium. It is clear now that when Lord Cecil left the Cabinet, the League of Nations spirit left with him.

This summer for the first time British soldiers took part in the Rhineland manœuvres. On these occasions the whole life of a great district is disorganized and suspended that foreign soldiers may move guns and tanks

about as if they were on Salisbury Plain. Did Sir Austen Chamberlain think, when we were all praising Locarno, that British cavalry would be so employed three years later? The ordinary Englishman learns with surprise that a German band may not play the German National Anthem on German soil without the leave of a foreign military officer. Did Sir Austen Chamberlain think when he talked of healing the wounds of Europe that we were going to make people smart like this ten years after the Armistice? It was assumed then that if we did not end the Rhineland occupation we should at least aim at taking the sting out of it, whereas we are deliberately making it more irritating, with the result that the *TIMES* correspondent informed us not long ago that for the first time we are as unpopular in the Rhineland as the French. These might be supposed to be blunders, and not part of a deliberate policy, but they unfortunately become intelligible in the light of the Anglo-French Pact. Nobody supposes that the present Government wants war, but it is clear that the policy of Locarno has been abandoned in favour of the old method about which statesmen of all parties were agreed that it must lead to a greater catastrophe than the last war. There seem to be many persons who would rather let England be committed to this change against the will of most Englishmen than see the two parties that still stand for the policy of Locarno act together or consider each other. Let them ask themselves where we shall all be if this new policy is pursued for the next five years.

J. L. HAMMOND.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAT

PERUSING the local Press in a country inn last weekend, I came on the announcement that the Parish Council of Furlham had decided to proclaim a rat week; and this simple notice set me pondering on the changing world. The rat is the farmer's traditional enemy. The warfare between the two is immemorial, and on the whole the versatility, the low cunning, and the prodigious multiplying power of the smaller animal have fairly weighted the scale against the big stick, the ferret, the terrier, trap or poison employed by the larger. Against the organized communal intelligence of the rat, even man, than whom few animals are less social, has been forced into combined action. They are few and unfortunate whose early memories do not include some visions of battle round the ricks at threshing time. Yet the victory was never more than partly with the big battalions. Their ranks were ever undisciplined. Too frequently stick would meet gaiter, the conflict would become for a space inter-human, while down the unguarded gaps the defenders beat an honourable retreat and emigrated, unruffled, to the neighbouring farm.

For the rat is no home-keeper. For him *ubi bene, ibi patria*. Ejected from one farmyard, he makes himself at home in the next without fuss or apparent regret. Slow recognition of this fact has forced humanity in recent years into combination on an ever-increasing scale—rationalization, one would say, but for the pun. We read of parish rat weeks, county rat weeks, even national rat weeks. And still the rat survives, his head possibly bloody, but unbowed.

I wondered as I read, whether either the Parish Council or the rats of Furlham realized that in a larger field than theirs, no less august a body than the League of Nations has for years past been conducting a ceaseless war, a rat week that knows no Sunday, against the rat in one of his aspects: the sick rat. For the rat is not parochial, but

international. A stout-stomached wanderer, a hardy and experienced traveller, he boards the vessel of his fancy in Calcutta, Shanghai, or Singapore, and arrives at Liverpool or New York, accompanied not only by a voracious appetite and a wife innocent of the theories of birth-control, but also, too often, by the germs of deadly Eastern plagues. Quarantine, inspection, trade restrictions were only partial remedies against this scourge, under which humanity suffered for centuries. It has been reserved for the Health Section of the League of Nations to form a united front of international humanity against the international rat. To-day, a plague-stricken rat has hardly a chance. He is not merely scotched, but instantly notified by wireless; the news of his pestiferous end is broadcasted to all concerned, and his infected relatives find their way barred, whithersoever they turn. The sick rat, as a problem, will soon cease to exist.

Why, I wondered, should this exceedingly efficient armoury be turned solely on the sick rat and spare the sound, as though humanity had begun to interest itself for the eugenics of rats? Why not combine also against the healthy rat? Individual action, even national action is comparatively impotent against this restless enemy. Exterminate him in Poland to-day, and to-morrow the rats of Germany, Danzig, Lithuania, Russia, Roumania, and Czechoslovakia will have crossed their respective frontiers and joined paws in the vacant trenches. A seventh League Committee (Rats), Russia and America co-operating, would, I genuinely believe, prove the only really efficacious method of dealing with this international scourge, besides having an astonishing effect in popularizing the League.

C. A. M.

LIFE AND POLITICS

I AGREE with the Conservative STANDARD that the honours are easily won with Sir Herbert Samuel in his duel with Mr. Garvin. That verbose pundit makes an effective show always of giving all sides a share of his patronage. It is usually the case that when the needle has done quivering round the compass it comes to rest at "Tory." Having denounced Mr. Baldwin's administration as the most inept since George the Third, he shortly afterwards finds columns of reasons why it will, and should, prevail at the election. Having in the past written wise words on the necessity of Liberalism, Mr. Garvin has been occupied recently in squeezing it dialectically out of existence, as a party. His proof of the unreality of the Liberal Revival was based on figures which, Sir Herbert Samuel was able to show, referred chiefly to by-elections in which the Tories could not help but be predominant. When this is pointed out to him he gives an ingenious but palpably worthless analysis of the election figures since March of last year, designed to show a progressive Liberal decline. But he is merely repeating his original mistake in a concentrated form—the mistake of singling out a period in which the by-elections gave the Liberals no chance of showing the reality of the revival. These calculations are obviously worth little for the purpose unless they are made over a period so long that such accidents as the large number of hopeless fights in the early part of this year are evened out, and on that basis no unprejudiced person will dispute that Sir Herbert Samuel's argument is sound. The more Mr. Garvin sticks to generalities the safer he is, and the more we shall all enjoy his rhetorical grand manner.

I cannot think that good service has been done to the memory of a great man by the publication of Morley's "Memorandum" on his resignation. Its general effect is

painful. The impression one derived from Lord Oxford's memoirs of the extraordinary confusion and vacillation, the desperate clinging to secondary issues, in the Cabinet and on the eve of the war, is strengthened. Lord Morley is shown to have been the most helplessly agitated of all. He seems anxious to let it be understood that he was deserted at the last moment by all the dissentients but Mr. Burns. This does not seem to have been the way the situation was read by those who, having been averse to automatic intervention on the side of France and Russia, felt that the invasion of Belgium made all the difference, in fact made intervention inescapable. Mr. Lloyd George's recollection is that Morley had agreed with his colleagues that if the necessity arose to act in defence of our treaty obligations to Belgium, the case would be completely altered. If that is true, a case can be made out for the contention that Morley deserted the others, and not that the others deserted him. Of course, the truth was that Morley was utterly unfitted to take part in the conduct of a war, and he very wisely withdrew. "I have not got the war mind," he is quoted as saying, "and I should only be in the way." That is convincing, and covers the ground. The "Memorandum" is interesting as one more proof, if it were needed, of the abysmal stupidity of Germany in violating Belgium. Even at the period of the Lansdowne letters a timely announcement of the intention to restore Belgium would probably have split the unity of this country into pieces. And when disaster was in sight we find that colossal fool Ludendorff talking about Belgium in a way which to believe, you must read Volume 2, pages 131-2 of the Max Memoirs.

During the last fortnight or so Conservatives have confidently predicted to me that the naval pact papers would triumphantly demonstrate the baselessness of the all-party criticism that has been showered on the Government. Well, the papers are out, and they leave even Lord Cushendun's apologists gasping. There is nothing new. The worst that was said turns out to be true. America happily has killed the abortion at birth, but that is not the end of it. Liberals I meet are intensely anxious over the whole business. What exactly is the nature of the existing understanding with France? We do not know, and we do not feel safe. In their Note of July 20th the French Government, discussing a possible breakdown of the agreement owing to the refusal of the other naval Powers to consider it, used disquieting language. They said that nevertheless the two Governments would be under an urgent obligation "d'adopter une politique commune qui leur permettrait de faire face aux difficultés qu'un échec de ces travaux ne manquerait pas de susciter." What do these words mean? It is urgent that we should know. Are we or are we not drifting back under the slack handling—or the deliberate manœuvring—of Lord Cushendun into a second of those sinister understandings with France which seem harmless enough till the moment comes to translate them into action? A burned nation dreads the fire.

Our inimitable "Jix," who is the fine flower of cheerful Philistinism, is apparently about to make a moral nuisance of himself again. He ought never to have been allowed the opportunity of interfering, with his characteristic pose of the horrified elder, with the circulation of "The Well of Loneliness." It was, I think, a calamity that subservience to a vulgar Sunday paper "stunt" made his interference possible. "Jix" was clearly pleased with himself about it, as he always is when he finds himself applauded in the newspapers; for to a man deaf to the finer tones, noise is always impressive. Since then various journals have been deplorably officious in inciting "Jix" and his like in high

places to set up some sort of literary censorship or "Board of Book Censors." As if, to compare small things with great, the Board of Film Censors were not sufficiently ridiculous and even noxious. It would be really too much if "Jix" were encouraged by a newspaper clique to destroy the distinction which this country enjoys, and won hardly long ago, of freedom from official meddling with books; leaving the suppression of indecency to the ordinary law. In such hands a censorship of literature would be a calamity indeed, for "Jix" stands for the honest and ignorant man in the pew, whose hatred of obscenity is inextricably mixed with a natural hatred of ideas. Let "Jix" give his Press notices a rest and read "Areopagitica."

* * *

It is certainly a piece of good luck for FOREIGN AFFAIRS to get Mr. Norman Angell as its editor. There is urgent need of a fearless and disinterested criticism of international politics in this country. Apart from one great Liberal paper one hardly knows where to find it in papers that people read every day. Mr. Angell has the knowledge, and he has the clear persuasive style. He is candid and without prejudice. We want what he will supply: a complete and many-sided review of one big "question" after another, giving us the material on which an independent judgment can be based. Party bias is the vice of current newspaper discussion of foreign affairs: Mr. Angell's party is simply the party of peace and goodwill, preached as a matter of good business as much as of sentiment. When he was "lunched" the other day I was pleased to hear him refuse to take the easy line of repeating the fatuous commonplace about the voice of the people being the voice of God. The voice of the people, as he remarked, is as likely as not to be the voice of the devil, when it is the untutored voice of passion and prejudice. "Democratic control" may be therefore a remedy worse than the disease unless the democracy is given the time to think out its course, and the mental equipment of training and knowledge to make careful thinking possible.

* * *

The mention above of Mr. John Burns reminds one that hearty congratulations are due to him on his seventieth birthday. If you see Mr. Burns striding about London, overcoatless in all weathers, or hear him declaring the truth on all manner of topics with the certainty of youth, it is not easy to believe in his age. It is part of the strength of his character that he has resolutely refused to worry any more with public life since he left the Cabinet in August, 1914. It is well known, of course, that Mr. Burns has never repented of that momentous decision; he was and he is convinced that we ought never to have gone into the war. More people agree with him than it is fashionable to admit; more still believe that our intervention was the acceptance of a certain calamity against an uncertain, but possibly greater one. However that may be, we have in John Burns an unrepentant and wholly logical pacifist, and it must be a comfort to him to hold so firmly that he alone was right. I surmise that John Burns finds himself too happy in his freedom from strain and responsibility among his books—as one might expect, this pacifist is a collector of military literature—to accept the many invitations that reach him to plunge again into the turmoil.

* * *

How delightfully Mr. Ramsay MacDonald discourses when he is free to speak naturally and need not take refuge from party exigencies in alternate ambiguity and violence. In that respect he is like Mr. Baldwin, who is uncomfortable as a party politician, and altogether happy as a humanist. I have been reading with great pleasure Mr. MacDonald's talk on art in everyday life. It is full of good things well

expressed. It is steeped in the spirit of William Morris, whose penetrating influence has never ceased to work in the best minds in the Labour movement. His plea for leisure as the condition of individual development was especially excellent, and it is cheering to find a Labour leader protesting with all his might against the worship of the machine, the arch heresy of our age. It is encouraging, too, to find Mr. MacDonald speaking with Baldwinian sincerity and happiness of phrase on behalf of the belated but vigorous movement to save the countryside from spoliation. If the Labour Party as a whole would only spare more of its enthusiasm for the immaterial things that make all the difference between a happy and an unhappy life, for the "workers" as for the rest! This notable address provided a "platform" on which all men of humanity and enlightenment can meet.

* * *

The Baldwin-Birkenhead correspondence was delicious. With what characteristically demure arrogance the Minister, about to leave the nation's service to better himself, fills his farewell letter with a testimonial to his own work at the India Office. (No doubt Lord Birkenhead was smarting under certain curiously outspoken comments in the TIMES.) And with what delightful humour Mr. Baldwin responded. "I am confident that the historians of our time will do it justice." Perfect!

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BELGIAN ACTIVISTS

SIR,—I have read the letter of M. Maurice Kahn in your issue of October 13th in reply to the article "War-Time Political Offenders in Belgium." Will you permit me, as one of those offenders, at present, by the confidence of some thousands of my fellow-townsmen, a deputy for Antwerp in the Belgian Chamber, to correct at least a few of M. Kahn's numerous mistakes and misrepresentations?

According to M. Kahn the Flamings want to impose on their fellow-citizens a revival of mediæval traditions, and he compares their action to that of the Gaelic League in Ireland. Whatever may be the case with Gaelic, let me assure you that the Dutch language, spoken by 7½ million Dutchmen and 4½ million Flemings, is in no need to be revived or resuscitated. Nor is there anything particularly mediæval about it. It is the language of a highly civilized and progressive people, which has contributed largely to West European civilization.

To say that French has of old had a predominant position in Flanders is to exaggerate wildly. It is a fact, however, that from its birth in 1830 the Belgian State has systematically tried to impose it upon the Flemish people. For nearly a century now the Flemings have in the schools, in the law-courts, in the army, had a language dinned into their ears which the large majority of them does not even understand.

If modern democracy demands that the language of the people ought to be the common instrument of civilization, it is because only in that way can the moral, intellectual, and material prosperity of the people be fully developed.

M. Kahn does what he can to create the impression that the Flemish movement and the Great Nederlandish movement are but Pan-Germanism disguised. He even uses a sort of German to refer to them. This is a quite gratuitous attempt to confuse the issues. The Activists tried to make use of the Germans during the war, but they have no Pan-German leanings, nor ever had. From the beginning, however, the Flemish movement had laid stress on cultural union with Holland. Some Flemish Nationalists at present dream of a political union with Holland. M. Kahn counts on England to prevent this. Yet a Great-Nederlandish State could never be a danger to England, but would be a safeguard against French leanings towards a position of hege-

mony on the North Sea. In any case, these political speculations do not make even the most timid Flamings reject the idea of a cultural union based on community of language.

As a Flemish Nationalist, I stand for political decentralization. To M. Kahn this appears to be a reactionary attitude. As I see it, this decentralization is needed to adapt the political organization (which is a means, and should not be made into an end) to the ethnographical duality of Belgium, and there is no reason why a federal State should mean economic isolation or a disruption of economic interdependence.

The incessant Dutch interference in Belgium of which M. Kahn speaks exists only in his imagination. On the other hand we have had the spectacle of a Belgian Minister of the standing of M. Hymans indulging in a movement for the annexation of Dutch territory. Dutch statesmen deserve praise for being of a forgiving disposition, for at this very moment, as is well-known, friendly conversations are being carried on for the drafting of a new Dutch-Belgian treaty.—Yours, &c.,

HERMAN VOS.

Antwerp.

October 20th, 1928.

SIR,—M. Maurice Kahn's contribution to your correspondence columns is of a type more common in Belgian than in English journalism. To correct the numerous mis-statements contained in it would claim, I fear, more of your space than you could possibly grant me. Yet, unfortunately, the ignorance in this country of the Flemish question is so complete that to an English reader it is to be feared hardly any mis-statement, however gross, would be on the face of it improbable, so that there is no help for it but laboriously to refute it.

Let me say first of all, then, that M. Kahn throughout misrepresents both the attitude of Holland and the aims of the Great-Netherlands Movement (other contributors have already remarked on the absurdness of his quasi-German appellations). The Great Netherlands Movement is a movement (M. Kahn thinks it is "a body"!) for a *rapprochement* between Dutch and Flemings on the basis of their common language. Although no doubt the movement has its extremists, there are few amongst them (especially amongst its Dutch adherents) mad enough to advocate the annexation to Holland of the Flemish-speaking provinces of Belgium, as M. Kahn suggests is their aim. M. Kahn is not only wrong about the names of societies or about the aims of the movement. He is absurdly wrong in representing this movement as working in close connection with the Dutch Government. I suppose that when he speaks of "the well-financed activities" of the "Dietsche Bond," he means the reader to understand that the Government subsidizes that body. That is untrue, and I am not betraying any secrets when I add that the activities of the "Dietsche Bond" in so far as they need the support of money are practically confined to the publication of a small monthly paper.

In fact, to anybody knowing the truth of conditions in the Low Countries nothing could be more ridiculous than the suggestion that the Dutch Government is pursuing imperialistic designs against the integrity of a neighbouring country. Nothing could be further removed from the cautious correctness of its attitude. What a judge of Dutch affairs M. Kahn is may be seen from his statement that "Berlin imperialism" has brought Holland within the orbit of its cultural and political hegemony." Surely, nonsense of that kind does not need refutation, even in England.

And M. Kahn even tries to shift the responsibility for the delayed amnesty on to the shoulders of the Dutch and their "incessant interference." According to him the Activists "with the connivance of the Netherlands authorities, are lurking behind the Dutch frontier." "Lurking" is good! Altogether this calls up the vision of bands of desperadoes waiting for a chance to cross the frontier to make a revolution and encouraged in their nefarious schemes by the culpable toleration, nay even by the clandestine help, of Dutch officials. In reality the hundred or more Activist exiles in Holland are scattered all over the country, and most of them working for a living in journalism, or teaching, or whatever

jobs they have been able to find after the catastrophe that overtook them in 1918. Where is the "connivance" on the part of the Dutch authorities? If M. Kahn means to suggest that the Dutch ought not to have given shelter to these political offenders, he is not likely to find much sympathy in England, where people to-day are mostly very grateful to the Dutch for having stood firm when the Allies demanded the extradition of the ex-Kaiser.

There is one other aspect of M. Kahn's letter which I must try to elucidate a little. According to him the Flemish Movement is an attempt "to revive a mediæval tradition," it is "a revival or resuscitation," like that advocated by the Gaelic League, and its "practical wisdom" is therefore to be doubted. The parallel between the Flemish Movement and the Gaelic Movement is entirely misleading. From the report issued a few years ago by the Irish Language Commission set up by the Dail it appears that Gaelic is spoken by a very small and fast vanishing minority of the Irish people, mostly living in a fringe of agricultural districts along the West and South Coasts. To the large majority of the Irish people Gaelic has become a foreign language, and it is therefore arguable that the attempt to "resuscitate" it has more "poetic glamour" than "practical wisdom." Vastly different is the position of Flemish. Not only has it the resources of the vigorous and modern culture which expresses itself by means of Dutch in Holland at its back, but in the Northern half of Belgium, Brussels, which has to a certain extent, although very far from completely, been Gallicized, forms the only "islet" where Flemish does not rule supreme. According to the census figures of 1920, of 7,102,000 Belgians over two years of age 2,855,000 knew French only, 3,187,000 Flemish only, 995,000 both French and Flemish. Of the latter category 609,000 are stated to speak Flemish "more frequently." The Flemings form a compact body in the North of the country. In the province of Antwerp, where M. Kahn himself lives, of 964,000 inhabitants over two years of age, 808,000 knew Flemish only, 13,000 French only, 142,000 both Flemish and French. Of these latter 119,000 spoke Flemish "more frequently." The category of persons knowing French only, a little more than 1 per cent. of the total, is, of course, largely made up of foreign residents and Walloons, of whom in a commercial town like Antwerp there are a large number. Judging by his mis-spelling and mistranslating of Dutch words, M. Kahn himself also belongs to it. Is it to be wondered at that he, cut off from the large mass of his fellow-citizens by his inability to speak their language—he would not even be able to follow the debates in the Municipal Council of Antwerp!—should discourse of Flemish affairs with more passion than understanding?—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

THE EXISTENCE OF MOSES

SIR,—I read Mr. Leonard Woolf's weekly contribution with such pleasure that I hesitate to send a word of friendly criticism on his article "From Moses to Wellington" (October 20th). I know nothing of M. Fleg or his "Life of Moses," and am quite prepared by the performances of other amateurs to believe that it may be all that Mr. Woolf says of it. But why should the reviewer speak of Moses as "a man who probably never existed"? He has almost the whole body of Old Testament critics against him. I need say nothing of the earlier scholars down to and including Ewald. But the Grafian critics—I name in particular, Kuenen, Wellhausen, Stade, Duhm, Budde, Cornill—were unanimous in their recognition of the historicity of Moses, however much of the narrative, even in the earlier strata of the Pentateuch, they allowed to be legendary. The general drift of more recent criticism has been still more emphatically on that side, as the monographs by Volz, Beer, Gressmann, and Sellin amply attest. Kittel's investigation in his great history of Israel and in his "Gestalten und Gedanken," reaches a similarly positive result. All of these scholars are definitely in the critical, not in the traditionalist, camp; any many more experts of eminence might be mentioned, including, I believe, all our British critics (except perhaps Cheyne, whose case was exceptional). On the other side, there are two outstanding names, Eduard Meyer in his "Die Israeliten und

ihre Nachbarstämme" (1906), page 451, and Hölcher, "Die Profeten" (1914), pages 107-115, and his much more radical "Geschichte der israelitischen und jüdischen Religion" (1922), pages 64-66.

Whether Mr. Woolf, in addition to his other accomplishments, is also an Old Testament expert I do not know; but if not, I think he may wish to reconsider his verdict in view of the overwhelming balance of opinion in favour of the positive conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR S. PEAKE.

Manchester.

[Mr. Leonard Woolf writes: "I am in no sense an Old Testament expert, and I am delighted to reconsider my verdict and to think that the weight of evidence is in favour of Moses having existed."]

THE LIBERAL TEMPERANCE POLICY

SIR,—I think the encouraging feature in the proposals adopted at Great Yarmouth which you describe as "seeming to represent . . . a definite advance on any proposals so far put forward," is the recognition of the Carlisle and other schemes of direct control of the liquor trade as a practical method of dealing with licensing problems and the incorporation in the policy of proposals for the application of the principle of the Carlisle plan to other selected areas as a part of a reformed licensing system.

The Carlisle scheme has now been in operation for over twelve years. It has proved the means for effecting substantial reforms. Private profit interest in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors has been eliminated; redundant licences to the extent of 47 per cent. of the number originally existing have been withdrawn, and the work of reconstructing those remaining has been going on all the time; there are no grocers' licences in Carlisle; food is supplied in many of the houses, and counter-attractions have been introduced in a number of cases. The scheme is financially sound, all the Treasury advances having been repaid with interest at current rates at March 31st, 1927. The application of similar methods to areas suffering from a redundancy of licences and other evils arising from an antiquated and out-of-date licensing system, as proposed in the Liberal policy, would no doubt produce correspondingly good results.—Yours, &c.,

D. C. DERING.

64, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

THE BUYING OF BOOKS

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Unwin's interesting article in a recent issue represents chiefly, no doubt, the point of view of the publisher and bookseller, and if so the bookbuyer's point of view may also be usefully considered. The fact is that the producers and vendors of books—particularly the latter—have failed to keep pace with the times; they are altogether too conservative in outlook and action, and thus restrict the sale of their commodity—books. In many provincial towns we may have several bookshops of varying degrees of efficiency, but possibly not one of them gives the service which is necessary. The average bookshop does not provide the space for either books or customers—a customer is not able to browse in freedom and effectively examine the literary treasures available. And often the lighting is very defective. Again, the matter of staff knowledge—assistants who know at least a little of the contents of the books—is variable; though it must be admitted that it is still possible to find the book-lover among booksellers' assistants. But they are not sufficiently common.

The real clue to effective development, however, is to be found in Mr. Unwin's reference to Woolworths. In all those establishments one finds the goods effectively displayed, with ample alleys or gangways between the stalls, and one may wander round and inspect anything without being pestered by the staff to buy. In fact anyone may pass in and out of Woolworths, without making a purchase, and without in such case exciting comment. This is a great boon, and is productive of business in the long run, because a visit of inspection is a reminder of where certain commodities may be had, and of their price. If a number of small booksellers

would unite and provide one roomy establishment, arranged on Woolworth lines, and staffed with people who would, and could, help potential customers, without worrying them to buy, more trade would accrue.

Although it is probably the fact that the Scots have more regard for education and the individual possession of books than the English, yet there are signs that considerable development is taking place in this country. Besides making good use of all kinds of libraries, the growing generation is being encouraged to buy books and form its own private collection. The view that public libraries are chiefly intended to supplement, and not take the place of the private ownership of books, is being fostered, and with some success.

Finally, the activities of the National Book Council are of much service in promoting that wider distribution of books which is so desirable, and it is up to publishers and booksellers to support the Council in every possible way.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GREEN.

Public Library, Halifax.

TRINITY GREAT GATE

SIR,—The writer who signs himself "Lion and Three Crowns" in your issue of to-day appears to be a Trinity man. If so, it is regrettable that he should show himself more ignorant of his own College than a Johnian. The statue over the Great Gate of Trinity is, as the latter stated, that of Henry VIII., having been put there by Neville in 1615 (see J. W. Clark's "Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge"). It is true that the name of Edward III., with his arms and those of his six sons, appear on the Great Gate—a trap for the unwary. But his statue, with his motto, *Fama super aethera notus*, is above "King Edward's Gate" next to the Chapel. The portrait of Henry VIII. in the Hall is, I notice, attributed by J. W. Clark to Hans Eworth. It is, I think, a copy of one by Holbein.—Yours, &c.,

ALICE JOHNSON.

111, Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge.

October 19th, 1928.

WOMEN AND INDUSTRY

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to two incidents, the first occurring at the Yarmouth Liberal Conference and the second at the York Conference of the National Council of Women, which may have been overlooked owing to the comparatively small space devoted to them by the Press?

At Yarmouth, on behalf of the South Buckinghamshire Liberal Association, an addendum to Resolution No. X. on Industrial Reform was proposed by Mrs. Le Sueur and seconded by Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, who moved the insertion of the following words: "The principle embodied in Article 427, Section 7, of the Treaty of Versailles, that 'men and women should receive equal remuneration for work of equal value' should be supported in all national and international legislation." This motion, though opposed by the Executive of the National Liberal Federation, obtained the large majority of 116 votes to 60, thus failing only by two votes to secure the two-thirds majority ruled by the Chairman as necessary for adoption.

At York last week a resolution on the status of women in industry, proposed by Mrs. Elisabeth Abbott, Chairman of the Open Door Council, and seconded by Miss Anna Munro of the Women's Freedom League, was passed by the Conference of the National Council of Women by the still greater majority of 147 votes to 53. This resolution embodied many reforms in the direction of equality of treatment for the workers of both sexes, such as the basing of industrial legislation upon the nature of the work instead of the sex of the worker, the classing of women with adults instead of young persons, and the equal application to both sexes of provisions relating to health, protection, and safety in any future Factories Bill.

The majorities obtained for these two motions seem to show that the rank and file of Parties and Associations are

much readier to accept the programme of the more advanced section of the woman's movement than some of their Executive Committees appear to believe.—Yours, &c.,

VERA BRITTAİN.

6a, Nevcrn Place, S.W.5.
October 21st, 1928.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS

SIR,—Mr. A. R. Powys, in his letter published in your issue of October 13th, takes exception to my statement that instead of societies for the preservation of beautiful buildings we have only societies for the preservation of ancient buildings, and that buildings belonging to the post-mediæval period receive little attention from them. In saying this it appears that I did less than justice to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings of which he is the Secretary.

It was certainly not my intention to belittle the excellent work which this Society is doing, and inasmuch as it took an active part in the agitation on behalf of Waterloo Bridge it proclaimed itself to be the protector of beautiful buildings as well as ancient ones. Mr. Powys did not mention that the Society which he represents took any steps to save from destruction any of those masterpieces of the Regency which until a few years ago adorned the metropolis. May I suggest that his Society would further increase its usefulness and renown if part of its great influence were directed to the preservation of the best examples of this fragile stucco architecture which expresses in a peculiar degree the national genius for civic design?—Yours, &c.,

A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS.

430, Strand, W.C.2.
October 23rd, 1928.

"THE BISHOPS' FALSE MOVE"

SIR,—I am glad to see that the CHURCH OF ENGLAND NEWSPAPER for October 19th has a leading article with the above title, to the effect that the "laity" and "clergy" are "greatly disturbed" by the Bishops' action, and that, "whatever may happen, we feel confident that the Bishops will regret the step they have taken" as one that is both "ethically" and "constitutionally" quite "wrong." Synods of the clergy are being called all over England on the distinct understanding that "the Bishops agreed upon" the "Bishops' Informal Proposals" (page 1). Yet the Bishops of Norwich, Exeter, Birmingham, and Worcester have expressly proclaimed their disagreement!

Not long ago the Bishop of Ipswich told us that the Commons' rejection of the new Book "rightly interpreted the wishes not only of the community but of the majority of Church people." And now the Bishop of Exeter writes:—

"I regret that an unconstitutional method was chosen to discover and express the mind of . . . the Episcopate. . . . We are restoring Law by behaving illegally. . . . The lawful authority is . . . the King in Parliament. . . . Surely it is our obvious duty, if we take money on certain conditions, to perform the conditions or to return the money." (EXETER DIOCESAN GAZETTE, October.)

To add to the confusion the Bishop of Truro is asking his diocese to vote for the 1927 (not the 1928) Prayer Book! So that shortly we shall have three rival Books in circulation. Why do not the Bishops see (with the Editor of the TIMES for September 25th) that they are "defying the Government" and "flouting the Legislature"?—Yours, &c.,

A. H. T. CLARKE.

The Rectory, Devizes.
October 22nd, 1928.

A LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY

SIR,—I have a small request to make to those critics and writers of your country who make too frequent use of learned classical and other quotations. A great service will be rendered to students like me—and we are a considerable number all the world over—if translations are supplied to us in verse or in prose in a footnote, if not along with the excerpts. That will enable us fully to appreciate the arguments put forward by them. Our difficulties are many, and helps and opportunities are very few in a country like India.

For it is not possible for many of us to learn Greek or Latin, German or Russian, French or Italian, even if we would.

Some of us are earnest students of English literature, and we should like to understand everything we read and pay for. There must be a large number of Englishmen as well—not to speak of the outside Empire subjects and other foreigners—who feel a similar difficulty and have a similar desire. I do not know how many even of the readers of the TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT can understand so much foreign matter quoted sometimes by its contributors! A further misfortune in a country like ours is that all the books will not be available for reference in any of the libraries, public or private. If it is a single term or phrase which carries a special significance or suggestion and which has no equivalent in English, or if the beauty of an original rhythm is under illustration, or if the correctness of an interpretation is under question, one can understand the need for retaining the original form. But would it be fair to deprive us even of our ability to read it by the writer's use of ancient script, or if we are made at every step to knock against extensive quotations from the original Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Pascal, Turgenieff, or Ibanez?

Many, I am sure, will feel thankful for reform in this direction.—Yours, &c.,

V. SITARAMIAH.

STRINDBERG AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—Mr. Birrell, in his appreciation of Strindberg, has been, I venture to think, a little over-impressed by the vacant seats that he saw on the second night of "Easter" at the Arts Theatre.

I find, on looking up the returns, that the five performances which we gave played to £298 11s. 6d.—which, considering this is a small, moderately priced subscription theatre, must be considered satisfactory.—Yours, &c.,

LIONEL BARTON,
Managing Director.

Great Newport Street, W.C.2.
October 20th, 1928.

ROGER BACON AND HIS "OPUS MAJUS"

By CHARLES SINGER.

THE reputation of Roger Bacon (1214-1294), especially as a philosopher of science, has been a subject of secular dispute. By the application of the scientific method to the study of history his figure is, however, at last emerging into clearer daylight. His works are in course of publication and are being submitted to the severest critical tests. The rapid advances in mediæval studies are making it more possible to form an exact estimate of the relation of his writings to those of his predecessors and contemporaries. The temper of our age—or, at least, of the historians of our age—is tolerant, impartial, and desirous above all things of historic truth. It is thus becoming more possible to form a balanced judgment upon the man and upon his place in the history of thought. But many of those who should form this judgment independently have no facility in mediæval Latin, and some of those who have that facility have but little patience with mediæval verbosity. Thus the preparation of an English translation of Roger's greatest work is on all accounts desirable and welcome. On the whole Mr. Burton's version of the "Opus Majus" has been well and skilfully done, and he has earned the grateful thanks of students of the history of science.*

In forming our estimate of Roger we must ever keep in mind the limitations of human life. If our allotted span were doubled, there would be no reason why any man of sufficient ability should not acquire experimental skill and

* "The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon." A Translation by Robert Belle Burton. (Humphrey Milford.) His other works, in the course of publication by the Clarendon Press, edited chiefly by Mr. R. R. Steele, have just reached the tenth volume.

add to it philosophic knowledge. In practice, however, we know that but few men of science are effective philosophers, and that but few men who write on philosophy make effective contributions to the sum of scientific knowledge. Let us then not be too hard on the poor dust of which we also are compounded. The shortcoming of men of science lies in no vice of the scientific method, as some foolish theologians and philosophers would have us believe. Nor does the failure of philosophers to make scientific discoveries demonstrate that all philosophy is but wind, as some misguided experimenters and their deceived exponents are wont noisily to proclaim. The fault is that we are mortal, and let it be said at once that Roger too had upon him all the stigmata of mortality. He was ill-tempered and censorious. He slighted the achievements of some of the greatest of his day. His temper was certainly trying—and was tried. He demanded tests of others which he failed to apply to himself. Above all stands his grave sin of omission, in that his experimenting amounted to very little, while his discourse about experimentation is so bulky and so diffuse as to be exasperating to the modern reader. He is thus extraordinarily difficult to quote. But the modern reader must judge him gently, as he would himself be judged. Let him turn to a file of the best scientific periodical of fifty years ago and consider how much of what is there written has worth for us to-day. And Roger was writing in an age where the whole atmosphere and tradition were against all that we now regard as of scientific value.

Before we turn to Roger's work we may say a few words about the man. First it must be realized that he was essentially of the Middle Ages. Nor did he stand out among his contemporaries and successors as a portent, as a man born out of his time, or as one ushering in a new era, as did, for instance, Leonardo, or Descartes, or Newton. Moreover, many of the familiar oppositions to which we are accustomed and on which much of our thought is built, were wholly unfamiliar to him. Such antitheses, or supposed antitheses, as Religion and Science, Practice and Theory, Art and Science, would have conveyed little or nothing to his mind. Terms such as Infinity, Mind and Matter, Space and Time, bore to him connotations very different from what they carry to us. Therefore, to convey to the modern reader the whole meaning that he sought to convey to his contemporaries in his own "*Opus Majus*" is well-nigh impossible in the course of a short account. We can say, however, that here are large sections of the work in which he does endeavour to show that the knowledge conveyed by physical material experience is surer, more permanent and more satisfying than other sorts of knowledge. This is, in essence, the experimental method and it is on this that his claim as a pioneer of modern science is most surely based. His way of putting his case is essentially mediæval, but he is feeling dimly, obscurely, clumsily towards something which came with clearer light three centuries after he had closed his eyes.

Let us now turn to the "*Opus Majus*" itself. The work is divided, on no clear principle, into seven parts, which we may consider separately.

The first part deals with the four causes of human error—Undue regard to Authority, Habit, Prejudice, and False Conceit of knowledge. The reader will not fail to be struck by the close analogy of these to the four "*Idola*" of Roger's famous namesake and successor. It is sufficiently clear that Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1560-1626) derived much from the predecessor whom he does not name. Francis stands as herald of the dawn. Let us not forget the man on whose shoulders he was standing.

The second part of the "*Opus Majus*" treats of the

close relationship between Philosophy and Theology. From the point of view that we are discussing, it is of little importance, and it will appeal less than other sections to modern readers. Bacon had so different a view to ours of the created Universe—which was for him quite finite and bounded by a known frontier, the sphere of the fixed stars—that the problem of its creation and sustentation was wholly different from our own. None of us could, by any possibility, profess the theology of Roger.

The third part deals with the value of the study of foreign languages. This section seems to the writer of far greater importance than has usually been perceived by men of science. It must be remembered that in the Middle Ages languages were always learned by ear. This accounts for the inaccessibility, even to the learned of those days, of works in Arabic, Greek, and Hebrew. These languages could only be learned from those who spoke them, and such men were very hard to find in Western Europe. Bacon proposed to solve the difficulty by writing grammars of these tongues in Latin, the *lingua franca* of his time. In fact we possess portions of the Greek and Hebrew grammars that he projected, and these are the first of their kind. Their preparation was an extremely important step. It must be remembered, too, that when the revival of learning actually came in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the movement towards the scientific standpoint made itself felt in philology before ever it appeared in the physical sciences. In this matter Roger was a real pioneer and prophet. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the exact use of language is one of the first essentials of scientific development and of scientific education. Towards such exact usage there is nothing so helpful as the minute analysis of the turns of expression in a foreign tongue. This Bacon perceived and sought to make possible. Thus, Bacon's linguistic programme must be held as an integral part of his scientific project.

The fourth part of the work is of no less importance than that which precedes it. It urges the necessity of mathematical training as a key to the other departments of knowledge. Mathematics was woefully backward in the Middle Ages. In Bacon's own day a revival was in progress, based on works translated from the Arabic. These works often had astrological associations. Astrology, in its more intense form, provided a form of determinism which was peculiarly unacceptable to a Church that emphasized the importance of free will. Added to this, works on mathematical and astrological subjects usually bore the names of heretics—Moslems or Jews. Thus mathematics had earned a bad reputation as associated with the Black Arts. This association was doubtless responsible for the absurd legends that rose around the name of Friar Bacon, as they did around the name of his predecessor, the "wizard" Michael Scot. But Roger clearly perceived the value and importance of mathematics, which he emphasizes in connection with Astronomy, Optics, Theology, Chronology, and the reform of the Calendar. His attitude towards Optics bore fruit in his own hands, and his suggestions as regards the Calendar, in after ages. But of deeper import was his insistence on the supreme value of mathematics as a foundation for education, which recalls the attitude of Plato. It was an insistence that the form of thought is at least as important as its content.

This fourth part closes with a treatise on Geography. Roger was the first systematic geographer of the Middle Ages. He gives a systematic description of Europe, Asia, and part of Africa. He collected first-hand evidence from travellers in all these continents. His arguments as to the size and sphericity of the earth were among those that influenced Columbus.

The fifth part of the "Opus Majus" treats of Optics. It contains a thorough discussion of the general principles of Vision, Reflexion, and Refraction. Great stress has been laid on this work in the past, but it is less important than some other sections. Roger was, in fact, preceded in his optical investigations by other writers, from whom he derived his ideas. But he throws out a clear suggestion for the use of spectacles to aid aged vision, which is probably the first of the kind known. He also makes suggestions which can be construed as foreseeing the telescope and microscope.

The sixth part is devoted to a plea for the Experimental Method, and, as such, is perhaps the most important of the whole book. It seeks to give an exposition of the correct method of scientific approach in solving natural problems. This part opens with the famous passage which is the clue to the whole book:—

"Having laid down fundamental principles of the wisdom of the Latins so far as they are found in language, mathematics, and optics, I now wish to unfold the principles of experimental science, since without experience nothing can be sufficiently known. For there are two modes of acquiring knowledge, namely, by reasoning and experience. Reasoning draws a conclusion and makes us grant the conclusion, but does not make the conclusion certain, nor does it remove doubt so that the mind may rest on the intuition of truth, unless the mind discovers it by the path of experience; since many have the arguments relating to what can be known, but because they lack experience they neglect the arguments, and neither avoid what is harmful nor follow what is good. For if a man who has never seen fire should prove by adequate reasoning that fire burns and injures things and destroys them, his mind would not be satisfied thereby, nor would he avoid fire, until he placed his hand or some combustible substance in the fire, so that he might prove by experience that which reasoning taught. But when he has had actual experience of combustion his mind is made certain and rests in the full light of truth. Therefore reasoning does not suffice, but experience does."

The seventh and last part of the "Opus Majus" treats of Natural Theology as the final and supreme science, and seeks to establish the superiority of the Christian religion in the mediæval fashion. Now, it is very important for us to note that there is no trace in Roger Bacon's writings of any consciousness of opposition to religion. He thinks he is writing in support of the faith. We to-day are well aware that, in some at least, religious faith has been shaken by the course of science, of which Bacon may be regarded as one of the prophets. To Bacon, however, it is not at all evident that this would or could be so, and there is nothing in any of the works by him that would lead us to consider that by his contemporaries he was regarded as heretical or unorthodox in matters of religion. Since his day many legends have arisen around his name, but there is not the least historical evidence that his views were held by his contemporaries to be subversive of religion. Bacon was certainly in bad odour with the authorities of his Order, but of Bacon as a heretic or as a protagonist of any war against religious belief we hear never a word.

The works of Roger Bacon are open to much criticism, which they have not failed to receive. But the claim that he realized in advance of his age the nature and application of the experimental method is, I think, clearly established. He frequently used the phrase *experimental science*, which is for him the sole means of obtaining knowledge. "All sciences except this," he writes, "either merely employ arguments to prove conclusions, like the purely speculative sciences, or have universal and imperfect conclusions. Experimental science alone can ascertain to perfection what can be effected by Nature, what by art, what by fraud. It alone teaches how to judge all the follies of the magicians, just as logic tests argument."

OUR VILLAGE

THE head waiter of one of the principal hotels in Zurich once confided in me his longing to live again in London, where he had served his apprenticeship. I asked this man, who seemed to have so pleasant a job in such a fine city, where he had lived in London, and he told me that he had had lodgings in the Pimlico Road. This surely was a matter for wonder—a man with all the beauty and the wealth of Switzerland at his elbow willing, nay desperately anxious, to exchange it for a dwelling in a London mean street. And when I pressed the fellow for his reason, he could not answer me more satisfactorily than to say that he greatly prized the anonymity of Pimlico. There he could live unknown and undisturbed, going about his business without criticism or comment. Big as Zurich was, it was not big enough to secure these ends. He was known to far too many of his townspeople to escape the irritation of inquisitive neighbours and the pin pricks of local gossip—so Zurich with its riches and fine buildings and its lake and mountain excursions might go hang for the hermitage of a third-floor front in Lambeth.

Being confined again to the village of my birth I can more readily sympathize with his desire, and often feel that it would be an enviable thing to be lost again in the labyrinth of London where alone one can find those intervals of privacy which are a primitive necessity to all men. For if one mixes at all in the life of a village and becomes known to everyone, there is no privacy. The very fact that I am now writing at my desk may be conveyed via the housemaid to the grocer when she goes presently to post the letters, for, at this time, I usually take a walk, and even the lapse of a nonentity from his regular habits is here sufficient to cause comment. The grocer, too, will be interested to hear that the laundry has not come home, and that I spilt my tea on the clean tablecloth. For though much has been written lately about the malice of village gossip and its power for evil, nine-tenths of it is composed of such harmless tattle. I agree with my friend in Zurich that if one opens one's ears to it it is often extremely irritating—but the discovery of which I am really proud is that even the scandalous gossip has very little effect upon its victims.

In our village everyone is pigeon-holed according to his habits, and provided he remains true to his type no great harm will come to him. Be he a criminal or an idler or a drunkard, a man of industry, a Churchman or a Chapel man, a man of few words, a loquacious fellow, a mean man or a generous one, it is as well that he should not turn his coat. The village would have no great liking for the saint turned sinner, but secretly (it must not be openly said) it would be as much put about by the sinner turned saint. It is no easy matter to get into another pigeon-hole.

A few days ago old Mrs. B., the fishwife, stole a roll of linoleum that was lying outside a cottage door. That was to be expected, for Mrs. B. is well known as a petty pilferer. Summary justice was meted out by the policeman, who marched the sobbing Mrs. B. down the village street with the stolen oilcloth to be returned with abject apologies to its owner. The village merely laughed, and said, "Up to her old tricks." Mrs. B., after all, was fulfilling her appointed rôle in village life—providing a day's scandal, and I dare swear she did not lose a single customer through her latest crime.

It is, in fact, not the persecution of its black sheep that characterizes the average English village. It is the direct opposite—an extraordinary quality of condonation. The village policeman seems to maintain his authority and the respect of his district more by the tactful disregard

of many of his petty powers than by the exercise of them. If he is a wise policeman he pays little regard to wagging tongues, though if he is a human policeman he must listen to them as from time to time we all do.

Jones, as we all have heard, is an idle, drunken, good-for-nothing. It is as well to let the dog loose when old Smith comes round with his clothes pegs. The Squire, they do say, has been seen talking too often to the pretty girl in the baker's shop. All this is excellent conversation, no doubt, over the clothes-line, but it does not alter the position of Jones, Smith, or the Squire. They remain in their categories. The wheelwright still gives Jones a job when he is sober, we all buy clothes pegs from Smith when we are in need of them, and we all touch our hats to the Squire.

Further, there is the extraordinary strain of kindness to those that fall by the way even if it is of their own fault. Lately we have had the case of the landlord of a small beer house, a poor hen-pecked fellow who drowned his sorrows in the profits of his business. He failed, after a long illness, during which his wife deserted him. Now Sam, for years a horrid example to the hands of every Chadband, is too feeble to work—but he has always a few shillings in his pocket for his beer and baccy—and comfortable lodgings, provided from no one knows where—more than likely by those very Chadbands. It is said that the Jews will never see members of their own race starve. I'm very certain that no one will ever starve in our village.

So what really matters it if on Monday morning the Vicar's pants, flapping in the breeze, are observed to have holes in them, "which shows what kind of a woman *she* is." I never noticed that there was any casualty from such shafts. The whole burden of this talk is ultimately very harmless—but Lord, how often infinitely boring! It is that only which makes me forgive myself whose garden lies under the whole arc of the sky, being on the edge of the sea with the rich marshes behind, if I, too, long sometimes for a lodging in the Borough, where no one would so much as notice it if I took to breeding lizards.

J. B. S. B.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE production of "John Gabriel Borkman" at the "Q" Theatre is one that should on no account be missed. The cast is a good one, Miss Nancy Price appearing as Mrs. Borkman and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Ella Rentheim. Good performances were also given by Mr. Frederick Cooper as Erhard and Mr. Victor Lewisohn as John Gabriel. Altogether it is one of the best Ibsen productions that I have seen for some time. "John Gabriel Borkman" is considered by some people to be among the best of Ibsen's plays. The view seems to me untenable. The situation and the characters are superb. But, a very rare fault in Ibsen, his material gives out at the end of Act III. When once Erhard has escaped with the lady of his choice from the elderly vampires who thought of nothing but sucking away his life, the play is really over, and the fourth Act is just a clever bit of trimming, which could be cut off altogether. The question of the translation becomes more harassing every year. At a critical moment Erhard observes something to this effect: "But I must go to the dance, mother. There will be lots of *young ladies* there"! But these are just general considerations, which have nothing to do with the performance at Kew. A house, packed to suffocation, received the play with great enthusiasm.

Go to see "The Brass Paperweight" at the Apollo: it is an exciting entertainment. Yet in a sense it falls between two stools. Dostoevsky, like Shakespeare, built his novels round crudely melodramatic plots. Komisarjevsky has

extracted this violent nucleus from "The Brothers Karamazov," and dramatized it as "The Brass Paperweight." He expressly tells us that his play is not intended to be a representation of the novel. He has changed the end: Dmitri is acquitted. And even some of the names are altered. But the characters are not the simple beings that Dostoevsky might have started from, if, like Shakespeare, he had been using a "source." They remain the complicated creatures of Dostoevsky's imagination; and I think a person who had never read "The Brothers Karamazov" might find their behaviour very difficult to understand. But what a series of effective situations the play contains: the old man in his cups tormenting his sons; the meeting of Grushenka and Katia; the old man waiting for Grushenka; the hand which commits the murder from behind the curtain; and, best of all, the scene where Smerdiakov plays with Ivan and then kills himself. Komisarjevsky the dramatist writes for the needs of Komisarjevsky the producer. The decor, the grouping, and the tempo of the production are beyond praise. The acting is unequal. Mr. Maurice Browne as Dmitri rants and distorts his vowels as if he were parodying an actor of the transpontine school. The Alyosha cannot deal with his very difficult part; Mr. Elliott Seabrook, Miss Lydia Sherwood, and Miss Laura Smithson were good. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is one of the best actors on the English stage, and gives a fine performance as the old man. But his gestures are too specifically Jewish. Komisarjevsky, one feels, since he wished to alter the name Karamazov, should have substituted not Romanov, but Bronstein. The best performance is that of Mr. Robert Speaight as Paul (Smerdiakov). If a company of young actors of his calibre could be given permanently to Komisarjevsky, we should have a theatre in London equal to any in the world.

* * *

Mr. Ashley Dukes, with all his merits as a dramatist and a "theatre man," as he puts it, is also a man with a load of bees in his bonnet. He has emphatic, often striking, but not always comprehensible ideas about the theatre, and he has in his time produced some very expert and elegant plays. One of his bees is that the "drama of ideas" is an abhorrible thing, and in "The Fountain Head" (Arts Theatre Club, last week), this bee sometimes forgot to buzz. Here was an artificial little fancy of mediæval Florence, brimful of charm and character—but not, surprisingly, of wit—and potentially a straightforward, none-of-your-nonsense play of the period, modernized in language and to some extent in mood, a simple story simply and charmingly told. But for some strange reason, Mr. Dukes chose to superimpose (I am aware that the phrase is unjust, for Mr. Dukes is always sincere, but that is how it strikes one whose bees come from a different hive) a symbolic fountain head on a canvas otherwise unsullied by symbolism. He may say that his fountain head is the chief character of the play, and if he were anyone but Mr. Dukes it might well have been, but to my mind it mars the clear water of his brook and adds nothing to its interest. To enjoy the play one must deliberately set oneself to regard it superficially. If you are content to sit back and listen to the musical ripple of Mr. Dukes's prose and to follow with easy attention the gentle meanderings of his plot, all will be well. But when you come to a pool you will do well not to dive into its inviting waters, or you may find it hard to keep afloat and harder still to keep your eyes open beneath the surface. Miss Beatrice Wilson's production was sound, Mr. Aubrey Hammond's setting a delight, though one would have thought too realistic for Mr. Dukes (but this brings us to more of his theories), and some of the acting, particularly that of Mr. Neil Porter, was excellent.

* * *

In commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic, a concert was given at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, October 16th, under the auspices of the Czech Society of Great Britain, in aid of the funds of the British Legion. The programme appropriately consisted exclusively of works by members of the Bohemian nationalist school, and the soloist, Mme.

Emmy Destinn, is also of Czech nationality. Although her voice is naturally not what it used to be in her prime, nor even when she sang here last nine years ago, she still remains a fine artist whom it is always a pleasure to hear again, if only for the sake of happy memories. Otherwise the most interesting feature in the programme was the first performance in this country of an orchestral rhapsody by the recently deceased Leos Janáček, entitled "Taras Bulba"—a forceful and highly accomplished piece of work, but formally diffuse and loosely knit.

* * *

Another recent anniversary celebration was the revival of Dame Ethel Smyth's comic opera "The Bos'un's Mate" at the Old Vic, in order to commemorate the fiftieth year since her first public appearance as a composer. This spontaneous tribute and its enthusiastic endorsement by a large audience surely constitute an emphatic refutation of the composer's frequent complaints of neglect—a neglect, moreover, which she rather unfairly ascribes to a sinister male conspiracy against her, based on jealousy and prejudice. Actually Dame Ethel has no more reason to complain of neglect than any other composer of serious aims in this country; rather less, in fact, seeing that, in the words of one of our most widely circulated daily contemporaries, "Women have become news," in consequence of which the mere fact of Dame Ethel Smyth being a "woman composer" has given her art and her personality an adventitious prominence to which no mere male composer of equal ability could hope to attain. For truth to tell, her indisputable gifts are literary rather than musical, and the witty, incisive, and original manner of her books is infinitely superior and in striking contrast to the rather heavy-handed and characterless style of her music. "The Bos'un's Mate" is a very good illustration of this. The libretto is admirably constructed and full of the most excellent situations possible for a comic opera, but the music, considered by itself, is so lacking in distinction as to be almost commonplace. The success of the work, in fact, is almost entirely due to its high literary and dramatic qualities.

* * *

It was delightful to see the Central Hall, Westminster, packed with children to hear the first of the series of Orchestral Concerts for Children conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, last Saturday morning. Dr. Malcolm Sargent has exactly the right attitude both to music and to children to ensure the success of these concerts. He treats them both with respect combined with familiarity. He neither talks up to the music nor down to the children, with the result that it seemed perfectly natural for children to appreciate every item in the very varied programme. The rapt attention with which this huge audience of children listened spellbound to a programme of Brahms, Bach, Handel, and Holst was a remarkable tribute to Dr. Sargent's skill at putting them *en rapport* with what they were going to hear by his short introductory remarks to each item on the programme, and to the vigour and inspiration of his conducting. There are to be six more of these concerts on Saturday mornings during the winter, and they are to be thoroughly recommended to all parents whose children show any taste for music. To hear orchestral music is to open the door to a new world of delight into which children in the ordinary routine of their lives are seldom likely to stray, since it entails staying up late in the hot and crowded atmosphere of concert halls. But to acquire the taste for such music in early life is such an acquisition that Dr. Sargent cannot be too warmly thanked for putting the chance in their way.

* * *

A large and extremely catholic exhibition of "Contemporary British Art" was opened last week at the White-chapel Art Gallery: if the greater part of the exhibition represents the less good, there is also a considerable section of it which represents the best of what has been done in this country during the last twenty-five years or so. The large lower gallery is mainly devoted to paintings and sculpture of the New English Art Club type with a certain amount of the Royal Academy thrown in. But the more

interesting and vital part of the exhibition is in the upper gallery. Here one of the main groups is of paintings by Spencer Gore and Gilman, artists of the so-called "Camden Town" group, whose work receives much less attention and is much more rarely seen than it deserves. There are three excellent Sickerts, some very charming small sketches by Augustus John, three paintings by Duncan Grant, of which one, "A Girl," is a very interesting early work, as well as a very large number of drawings, including examples by John, Sickert, Wyndham Lewis, Wilson Steer, &c., and by non-contemporary artists such as Cotman, Cozens, Whistler, Constable, H. B. Brabazon, Hoppner, Phil May, and some of the Pre-Raphaelites.

* * *

The Film Society's first performance of the present (its fourth) season took place last Sunday afternoon at the New Gallery Cinema. The programme started with three short films, "Filmstudie," a German abstract film, "Plant Magic," and a French film called "La Petite Lili." The first was quite pleasant to watch for a short time owing to the occasionally interesting combinations of moving shapes, but as a whole is much too formless to be successful. The second was one of the always fascinating "Secrets of Nature" series, showing the formation of carbohydrates in various plants; the third a fairly amusing burlesque, with exaggerated and unrealistic acting, of the popular song of the same name. The main item of the programme was a film by the Russian producer Pudovkin entitled "Mother," the first of his films to be shown in this country. It is a story of the revolution taken from Maxim Gorki, and though not pronouncedly pro-revolutionary, has been forbidden by the Censor for public exhibition here. Of unrelieved gloom from beginning to end, unsoftened by comedy or love interest, and containing scenes of brutal horror, it is technically very remarkable and is extremely moving. M. Pudovkin is very skilful both in the composition of his individual pictures and in the very expressive use he makes of the rhythmical succession of "shots" of different lengths. The acting also is extraordinarily good, especially that of Mlle. Baranovskaia in the part of the revolutionary's mother.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, October 27.—

Marie Hall, Violin Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.

Handel's "Samson," at the People's Palace, 7.30.

Sunday, October 28th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, on "Al' Smith and Herbert Hoover," South Place, 11.

Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker, on "H. G. Wells's 'Blue Prints for a World Revolution,'" Hampstead Ethical Institute, 11.15.

Repertory Players in "The Brothers," at the Strand.

M. Maazel, Piano Recital, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Monday, October 29th.—

London Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

International String Quartet, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.

Exhibition of Pottery by Michael Cardew, New Hand-workers Gallery (October 29th–November 6th).

Tuesday, October 30th.—

Major Astor's Dinner, in honour of the Centenary of the SPECTATOR, at which the Prime Minister will be present, Claridge's Hotel.

Léner Quartet, Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Bach Cantata Club, Concert, St. Margaret's, Westminster, 8.15.

Malcolm Davidson, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Maternal Mortality Meeting, Central Hall, 2.30.—

Speakers: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Dr. Flemming, and Dr. Marion Phillips.

Thursday, November 1st.—

"Don Giovanni" (Mozart), at the Old Vic, 7.45.

Professor C. Delisle Burns, on "The Place of Labour in Western Civilization," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

Ursula Dykes Potter's Player-Recital of Action Poems and Stories, Children's Theatre, 8.

OMICRON.

THE SHADOW

THERE's a shadow slipping through the jungle,
Slimly, grimly, in the sun-browned grasses,
Slowly, in a certain, utter silence,
That no sound may tell the way it passes.

By the flaming flowers of the forest,
Up the nullah where the boulders hide it;
Back again behind the bamboos' shelter,
Always on to where the soft winds guide it:

Mottled by the sal-leaves' dance, it crouches
Still beside the white ants' nest; or slinking,

Brushes past the rocks while Balu slumbers,
Nearer yet to where the herd is drinking. . . .

But they've seen it go, the monkey-people;
From the topmost branches now they chatter
Warning to the heedless ones below them,
Jump, and rage, and scream, to bid them scatter.

Fly, for it is near, you wild-eyed creatures!
It is death that lurks among the grasses
Through the secret places of the jungle.
Fly, swift-footed, for the Tiger passes

A. R. U.

London Amusements.

MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

COURT. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30.

DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

FORTUNE. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

GAIETY. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

GARRICK. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

FORTUNATO and THE
LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE.
SHOW BOAT.

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

TOPSY AND EVA.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.

KINGSWAY. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

LONDON PAVILION. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues. & Fri., 2.40.

"THUNDER ON THE LEFT."

THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

EXCELSIOR.

BIRD IN HAND.

"77 PARK LANE."

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.

"PLUNDER." A New Farce by Ben Travers.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT THEATRE.

(Sloane 5187.)

NIGHTLY, 8.15 sharp.

MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

FORTUNATO

and

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE

By SERAFIN & JOAQUIN ALVAREZ QUINTERO.

(English Version by Helen & Harley Granville-Barker.)

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171).

8.15 precisely.

Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.)

EVGS., 8.30.

MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

MATHESON LANG

ISOBEL ELSOM

and Robert Farquharson in

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS."

FORTUNE (Temple Bar 7373.)

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

EDITH EVANS.

ATHENE SEYLER.

LESLIE BANKS.

LEON QUARTERMAINE.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATS., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

GAIETY. EVENINGS, 8.15.

DUNCAN SISTERS

In their Musical Play, "TOPSY AND EVA."

Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

Gerr. 2780.

GARRICK. (Gerrard 9513.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH."

Produced by BASIL DEAN.

Mats.: Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

HIPPODROME, London.

Evenings, at 8.15.

Gerrard 0650.

MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

JACK BUCHANAN.

ELSIE RANDOLPH.

KINGSWAY. (Holb. 4032.)

Nightly, 8.30.

Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ANGELA BADDELEY in "THUNDER ON THE LEFT."

By Richard Pryce, from Christopher Morley's Novel.

LYRIC THEATRE. Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012.

EVENINGS (except Mon.), 8.30. MATINEES, WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.

"THE CRITIC." "The Funniest Play in the English Language."

Followed (Evenings only) by "TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO."

THEATRES.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30 (except Mondays). Mats., Wed., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

GLADYS COOPER in "EXCELSIOR."

Ernest Thesiger, Nigel Bruce, Athole Stewart, Hermione Baddeley.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2600.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.

BARRY JACKSON presents

"BIRD IN HAND."

A Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Gerr. 1243.) EVGS., at 8.15. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.40.

"77 PARK LANE." By Walter Hackett.

HUGH WAKEFIELD and MARION LORNE.

SAVOY. Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Monday, Wednesday & Thursday, 2.30.

"YOUNG WOODLEY."

FRANK LAWTON.

KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

SHAFTESBURY.

(Gerr. 0405.)

SMOKING.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

"THE SQUEAKER."

A Scotland Yard Drama, by EDGAR WALLACE.

STRAND (Ger. 3830.) EVENINGS at 8.30.

"THE BEETLE."

From Richard Marsh's Famous Novel.

"BETTER THAN 'DRACULA.'"—Daily Mirror.

MATINEES, TUESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S (Reg. 3028.) LAST 3 PERFORMANCES. EVENINGS, 8.30.

MAT., SAT., 2.30. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "LOYALTIES."

LEON M. LION. ERIC MATURIN. LAWRENCE HANRAY.

TUESDAY NEXT, at 8. Premiere "TO WHAT RED HELL."

CINEMAS.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE. Kingsway.

(Holborn 3708.)

DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, New Programme, 6 to 10.30.)

October 29th, 30th & 31st. RUDOLPH KLEIN ROGGE and Willy Fritsch in

"THE SPY" (Directed by Fritz Lang, producer of "Metropolis").

November 1st, 2nd & 3rd. RICHARD DIX in "THE GAY DEFENDER";

"INDIA TO-DAY" with a Special Talk by T. H. BAXTER, F.R.G.S.).

On the Stage (all the week): Three Eddies; Betty Blackburn, Soprano.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

SICKERT.—EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS.

SAVILLE GALLERY, LTD., 7, STRATFORD PLACE,

OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Daily 10—6. Sats., 10—1.

Admission Free.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SLAPDASHDOM

"THE Victorian Illusion," by E. H. Dance (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), might have been a very interesting book, and it is worth while considering why, in fact, it is not. It is a study of politics during the Victorian era. Mr. Dance is not ill-equipped for the task undertaken by him: he has read widely in history and biography, and, unlike many people who write about history, historical facts do not leave his mind entirely vacant of historical ideas. He is a rather clumsy writer, whose clumsiness occasionally becomes overwhelming and leads to such an abominable sentence as this:—

"Yet the root of the matter is less in this fervent Irish conviction of the fundamental dishonesty of the English, than in those subtle nuances of racial thought and attitude which cast their shadowy impenetrability between peoples, and prevent that preliminary community of the bases of reason and argument without which agreement, let alone sympathy, is eternally unattainable."

Nevertheless, it is clear that if he were content to set down what he means simply and without pretentiousness, he might write quite well enough for his purpose; indeed, even as it is, occasionally he manages to bring off a bright phrase or two which seem to show that his clumsiness is mainly due to a heroic, but unwise, determination never, never, never not to be clever.

* * *

Mr. Dance has, then, the knowledge and an adequate literary equipment; he has, too, a first-class subject. An intelligent study of Victorian politics and politicians, from Melbourne and the casual concourse of political atoms which made up his party to Chamberlain and his Birmingham Caucus, has not yet been written, and would be an amusing as well as an instructive book. It is entirely Mr. Dance's own fault that he has not written it himself. His publishers inform the public on the jacket of the book that "Mr. Dance may claim with justice that he has begun a new phase in the literature that concerns itself with the Victorians." I am not absolutely sure that I understand what Mr. Dance claims for himself, but I assume that he erroneously imagines that he is the first to apply to history proper the slapdash methods of the modern school of biographers. If my assumption is correct, he is mistaken twice over, for it is precisely this modern slapdashdom which makes his book nugatory.

* * *

The slapdashdom method applied from biography to history consists in rapping out a historical paradox, in the form of an epigrammatic generalization, if possible, showing that everyone, and in particular "the accepted historians," have misunderstood the whole thing, and the thesis is then supported by selected facts seasoned with sub-ironical cleverness. I do not know how many times in this book Mr. Dance does not state or imply that he is saying something which no one has said before and which runs counter to the teaching of all historians. Even if all his swans turned out to be swans, the attitude tends to irritate the reader; it becomes merely ridiculous when, more often than not, his swan proves to be an impossible cross between a goose and an ostrich.

* * *

Let me give an example or two of this method. In the very first chapter in which he gets down to business,

we are quickly given a paradox which the author says is "startling." "The prime difficulty is that the paradox itself is too easy to understand without an effort—the effort of abandoning a customary point of view." The startling paradox appears to be that there was no real impulse towards democracy in England during the nineteenth century, but that

"England was jockeyed into democracy by the tactics of politicians who were merely playing a party game, and all the commonplace vaunts of the splendour of England's growth in democratic stature, and the munificence of the constitutional gift which the Victorians handed on to posterity, are so much hypocritical cant born of the fulsome self-satisfaction of that very complacent people."

Mr. Dance's "startling paradox" turns out to be merely a half-truth stated in the form of a truth. Of course, it is true that "the tactics of politicians who were merely playing a party game" entered largely into the immediate history of the passing of Disraeli's Reform Act of 1867, but to jump from this obvious fact to Mr. Dance's paradox is typical of slapdashdom. In order to support such a paradox one has to ignore the whole history of the movement for democracy and adult suffrage from the times of Fox and the Duke of Richmond to those of Bright and Cobden and Mr. Beales. You have to ignore the influence upon the minds of ordinary men of the French Revolution and Tom Paine and Cobbett. You have to ignore the fact that from the time of Pitt to that of Lord Robert Cecil, the vast majority of the governing classes resisted Parliamentary Reform whenever they felt that they safely could, and they resisted it because they believed that Reform meant "democracy" and ultimately adult suffrage, and that under adult suffrage property would be insecure.

* * *

Take another point. Mr. Dance has a chapter on the constitutional position, power and influence, of Victoria and Albert. Here again the Victorians themselves and all historians, before Mr. Dance, have been entirely mistaken. He maintains the fantastic paradox that Victoria, directed by Albert, claimed the "ultimate control of foreign policy—and in fact, of the general policy, domestic as well as foreign, of any Government," and that the claim was admitted by successive Prime Ministers. The recipe for proving this is simply slapdashdom. First we are told that Gladstone was entirely wrong in saying that the nineteenth century saw the "beneficial substitution of influence for power"; on the contrary, Victoria and Albert first substituted influence, and then absolutism, for the powerlessness of the Georges. Apparently Mr. Dance does not reckon George III. a George, and ignores George IV.'s exercise of the prerogative of choosing his Ministers. Then the story of Victoria's struggle with Palmerston—which turned on the question how far the Foreign Secretary could go in ignoring the Crown—is twisted into a successful claim by the Crown to control foreign policy, and soon Mr. Dance is talking of "Victoria's absolutism." It is all very bright and bold, and Mr. Dance is as slapdashing as can be with his half-truths and his paradoxes. He forgets, however, that any dance can rewrite history by ignoring a sufficient number of historical facts.

LEONARD WOOLF.



ALDOUS HUXLEY

'POINT COUNTER POINT'

Mr. Huxley's longest novel. "The thoroughness, the amazing, indefatigable thoroughness of Mr. Huxley is what compels us to submissive admiration of the end of this book. A full six hundred pages, and not on any one of them a flagging or a faltering! Nowhere has Mr. Huxley failed in wit, in eloquence, in apt image, in ingenious speculation, or in extracting for our entertainment, disgust or horror, pretty well all that the world offers of the painful and the grotesque, the base, the absurd, the pitiful and the gaily coloured. This is the most flippant of serious books. What Mr. Huxley has tried to do is to show the strange balance, the interdependence and complexity of life. He has approached the task with the sparkling assurance of Tom Thumb attacking the ogre . . . He is a Hogarth among novelists. But what a compliment!" SYLVIA LYND in *The Daily News*.

"The most remarkable of the many new novels of the autumn publishing season . . . This brilliant writer here gives us the best work he has yet produced . . . he has done for the post-war period what Thackeray, in 'Vanity Fair' did for the early Victorian age." *The Clarion*.

THE SPECIAL EDITION AT 2 GUINEAS NET HAS BEEN
OVER-SUBSCRIBED. ORDINARY EDITION (600 pages)
10s. 6d. net

Novels

THOSE BARREN LEAVES
7s. 6d. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net
ANTIC HAY
7s. 6d. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net
CROME YELLOW
7s. 6d. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net

Essays and Travel

ESSAYS NEW AND OLD
Limited Edition. Florence Press 42s. net
PROPER STUDIES
7s. 6d. net.
JESTING PILATE: THE DIARY of a JOURNEY
Illustrated. 16s. & 7s. 6d. net
ALONG THE ROAD
7s. 6d. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net
ON THE MARGIN
6s. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net

Short Stories

TWO OR THREE GRACES
7s. 6d. net.
LITTLE MEXICAN
7s. 6d. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net
MORTAL COILS
6s. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net
LIMBO
5s. net. Phoenix Library 5s. & 3s. 6d. net

Poetry

LEDA: AND OTHER POEMS
5s. net.

Drama

THE DISCOVERY
Adapted from Frances Sheridan 5s. net

"His style is at once dry and rich, intellectual and sensuous, scholarly and romantic. He sees things clearly, tells them delicately, records them conscientiously—and often from the acute angle of wrath or mirth. He would have some difficulty in being dull, whatever he wrote about." Gerald Gould in *The Observer*.

CHATTO & WINDUS
97 & 99 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON

REVIEWS

GOETHE AGAIN

Goethe, the History of a Man. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated from the German by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Two vols. (Putnam, £2 2s.)

HERR LUDWIG'S books on the late Kaiser, on Bismarck, and on Napoleon have given him vogue and popularity in this country; and now follows the earliest and the best of his biographies, that of Goethe. The translation, issued with a preface by the author, shortens the original by one half. But even so we have two volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, and this is far from excessive, considering the abundance and interest of the material.

Readers of Herr Ludwig's other books are aware of the merits and defects of his method. He is nothing if not lively and fresh, and that is much, in the rather dreary waste of Goethe's biographies. He also presents a new and in some respects a true view of the poet, who, he asserts, has been misrepresented in Germany as "a young Apollo and an old Zeus," and consequently has "never had any direct influence upon his nation." This rather surprising statement may be true. For the indiscriminate worship of the poet by his own people, and the meticulous learning which has been devoted to every detail of his life and works, does not necessarily imply comprehension; and Goethe himself continually complained that his fellow countrymen could not understand him. Herr Ludwig, at any rate, has set out to destroy a legend. Goethe, he says, was "neither a happy nor a harmonious nature," and with that statement no discriminating admirer will disagree. But it is harder to sum up what he was than what he was not. Herr Ludwig has a formula—the perpetual conflict between the "dæmon" and the "genius." "Dæmon" is a favourite word of Goethe's, and applying it to himself, he thus sums up its characteristics: "That element in me was not divine, for it showed in unreason; not human, for it had no understanding; not devilish, for it was beneficent; not angelic, for it could take pleasure in the pain of others. It was like chance, because it was inconsequent; it had something of prescience, because it pointed to connections. . . . It seemed to deal arbitrarily with the necessary elements of our existence. . . . It seemed as if nothing but the impossible could satisfy it. . . ." What Goethe called the "dæmon," contemporaries might call the "subconscious." The words do not matter. The fact is that Goethe had a tremendous temperament which he was always trying to discipline by reason. The formula therefore is good enough, as formulæ go; but Herr Ludwig works it so hard that it becomes tedious. What is worse, he tends to emphasize the "dæmon" at the cost of the "genius," until the reader might get the impression that Goethe remained to the end a chaos, although a chaos enormous and impressive. The truth, however, is that there runs through his life a ceaseless effort to harmonize his complex and violent nature. He never indeed achieved harmony, but he never ceased to pursue it. And through the chameleon-like transformations of his long life an attentive and sympathetic reader can always feel the unceasing drive of a will that never tires.

So much for Herr Ludwig's general view. But it is the particulars that matter most, since the generalization is derived from them; and here the reader must be warned to be careful. Herr Ludwig has read his Goethe exhaustively, and his numerous and interesting citations are a principal merit of his book. But nothing is easier than to misrepresent by quotation, above all in the case of Goethe. For no one in history, unless it be Napoleon, has been more exhaustively documented. Besides his works, running, in the Weimar edition, to more than a hundred volumes of poetry, drama, criticisms, aphorisms, letters, novels, scientific treatises, we have innumerable records of his conversations as reported by every kind of interviewer, intelligent and the reverse. In this overwhelming mass of material almost every opinion may be discovered, expressed in almost every mood, serious, ironic, controversial, exasperated, and frivolous. From this immense jungle the most various selections may be made by those who have a view to maintain. The result is that a true and final account of Goethe may be

impossible. But a student can at least give references when he quotes, and omit nothing relevant in the context. In this respect Herr Ludwig sins badly. He never gives a reference, and his asterisks show that he often omits sentences which, the reader suspects, may be important. He would reply, no doubt, that he is writing for the plain man who does not want to be bored. But the nemesis is that the plain man may be seriously misled. To follow up this point would require weeks and months of study, but one or two observations may not be out of place.

Nowhere have Goethe's biographers been more meticulous than in their researches into the poet's love affairs, and they have thus much justification, that to no poet was love, in all its forms, so important, from boyhood till the end of his long life. On the other hand, never did man take more pains to cover up the facts, so that much that we might want to know is left to conjecture, and to conjecture biographers have resorted freely, sometimes to the detriment of the poet. Herr Ludwig is saner on this point than some of his predecessors; but there are two points at least in which he seems to have gone beyond the facts. He assumes that the poet actually seduced Friederike Brion at Sesenheim; and this, on the strength of one poem and one line in it. The evidence is inadequate; but if Herr Ludwig's views were true, the episode would be a black mark against Goethe. Further, Herr Ludwig assumes that Frau v. Stein became, in the full sense, Goethe's mistress. Nothing is more controversial, and a letter written from Italy makes it at least improbable. Later, according to Herr Ludwig, Goethe became wholly indifferent to his former mistress. But all the direct evidence is against this view. Nothing is more creditable to Goethe than his attempt to renew relations with her on a new basis, and his refusal to retort in any way, privately or publicly, to the insulting and bitter things she said against him. From the time of his visit to Italy Goethe was frankly sensual and pagan in his attitude to sex; but there is no evidence that he was ever brutal or inconsiderate.

Enough, perhaps too much, on that topic, which no biographer of Goethe can avoid. We will pass to another. At every period of his life the evidence is that Goethe believed in personal survival of death. Herr Ludwig admits that, in his latter years, he accepted metempsychosis. Yet a few pages later, when he is dealing with the conclusion of "Faust," he treats the final scene as the "brilliant artifice of a man who has set himself a problem and will have harmony at any price." Nothing was less like Goethe than "brilliant artifice." But Herr Ludwig's whole treatment of "Faust" is the most unsatisfactory part of his book. He ignores the deliberate statements of Goethe that for sixty years he had had the plan of the whole poem in his head; suggests, without producing any evidence, that, up to almost the last moment, he was in doubt even about the salvation of Faust; and regards the lines:—

"I know this old round earth sufficiently;
What lies above the clouds no man can see.
Fool who would thither turn his dazzled eyes
And dream of some great comrade in the skies"—

as the real conclusion of the drama.

But this is contrary to all the evidence. Goethe had always intended the salvation of Faust in some higher form of being; and at one time he had even intended the salvation of Mephistopheles. Modern readers may or may not approve of this conclusion; but it is absurd to pretend that Goethe was only fooling.

Rightly perhaps, Herr Ludwig fastens upon science as, in the long run, the deepest and most lasting of Goethe's interests. But it should be noted that his conception of science was different from that which has become dominant during the last century. It was not so much the detailed discovery of causes that interested him as the bringing of isolated facts under a single conception that he might demonstrate the unity in diversity of Nature, and contemplate her with a poet's passion. Wordsworth expressed this ideal of science, but Goethe devoted a long life to endeavouring to realize it. There are, no doubt, still men of science who have the same disinterested attitude. But, generally, detailed inquiries into particular chains of causation, and avidity for practical results, have obscured the finer purpose. By consequence science has become as much a peril as a hope.



Strong, Silent Men

"What's this tobacco?" "Three Nuns." . . . "What's it cut this funny way for?" "Makes it cool, an' slow to smoke . . . little discs . . . each one the same good old blend." * * * "What's it cost?" "One-an'-tuppence an ounce." * * * "An' darned well worth it!"

* * *

The rest is silence—and

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut—is. 2d. an ounce

CIGARETTE SMOKERS SHOULD TRY THREE NUNS CIGARETTES OF FINE VIRGINIA LEAF, 10 FOR 6d.

But in Goethe the man of science was completed by the poet, and he never forgot or abandoned his earliest aspiration—"Im Guten Ganzen Schoenen resolut zu leben."

If he had lived into our time what would he have thought of it? He would have shown, we may be sure, a genuine appreciation of our practical achievements. For already, at the end of his life, he hailed with enthusiasm the first railway, and foresaw the Rhine-Danube, the Suez and the Panama Canals. But he foresaw also something else, and left the following words of warning: "I cannot help thinking that the greatest evil of our times, impatient of slow growth as they are, is that one moment is swallowed up in the next, one day squandered for the sake of the next, and that people thus live from hand to mouth and take no time to dwell upon anything whatever. Why, we can get a newspaper at every hour of the day! And hence every single thing that anyone does, attempts, writes—nay, every single thing he even hopes to do—is dragged into the light of publicity. No one may be glad or sorry, but all the rest batten on it; and so the vortex spreads from house to house, from city to city, from realm to realm, and in the end from continent to continent, with incredible velocity." What would he have said had he lived another century, and read, as I did the other day, an article by a young author stating with passionate enthusiasm that to go faster and faster is the one and only goal of life! What Goethe has to teach, if we could learn it, is how to reach, below this mad race, the sources of imagination and intellect; and it is because Herr Ludwig's book may lead some of us back to this sane view that it deserves so hearty a welcome.

Of the translation there is no space to speak adequately, though much that is of interest might be said. Miss Mayne has translated many books, and she has shown, by her life of Byron, that she knows what scholarship and English is. The more is one puzzled by the method she has adopted in this book. Feeling, perhaps, that she was concerned with a superjournalist, she has endeavoured to express his spirit by a superslang. She translates "schwätzen" by "colloque," and "Grosspapa" by "granddaddy," and speaks of the "mereness" of society when she means its triviality. Examples might be multiplied, and some readers may take more delight in them than does her conservative reviewer. In any case, we owe her a debt of gratitude for helping to reintroduce to the English public the greatest man of letters that the world has known.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

ENCHANTMENT

Orlando: A Biography. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Hogarth Press. 9s.)

THERE are two reasons why I should like to neglect the reviewer's first duty and write a column about this book without saying what it contains. The first is that I shall blunt the point of a joke so rich and varied that it should be left to the discovery of every virgin reader. The second is that I shall make nonsense of what, out of Mrs. Woolf's inkpot, is strange and thrilling sense. The joke begins with a preface in which Mrs. Woolf, like all serious biographers, thanks the friends who helped her write it. But if one takes the sensible precaution to read the preface after the book one naturally asks, Did anyone help her write it? Could anyone but she, having been visited with an idea of such brilliant fantasy, invest it with passionate flesh and blood and make it live, work, love, write, philosophize, and indeed suffer every human vicissitude except decay and death through 350 years of English history? When we learn that Mr. Waley served the author with Chinese and Madame Lopokova with Russian, that but for someone's knowledge of real property this book would never have been written, and that half the contemporary literary world were pressed into service, we begin to doubt. For Mrs. Woolf, as is well known, is a tricky customer in the literary market. You never know what she will be at next. As a novelist she is dangerously unreliable. For her a minute is not always a minute nor a mile a mile; she often prefers to be in two places and two times at once. Instead of beginning with a man more or less at the beginning and going on with him, as time goes on with him, more or less to the end, she

likes to draw a sphere round a moment of his consciousness and examine its contents, which are very surprising. To traverse a succession of such spheres is strenuous work for a reader accustomed to be drawn smoothly along a straight and trusty slab of human life, threescore years and ten in length. And if Mrs. Woolf does not hesitate to compress man's span into a few pinpoints of consciousness in order to let some light into the workings of his lonely soul, why should she not attempt an equally outrageous elongation in order to view more justly, through one pair of eyes and above the beating of one heart, that progression of lonely souls which we call history?

Why not, indeed? In "Orlando" she has done this. It is the greatest of her tricks. It is a trick because she brings toppling about the reader's ears whole sections of the world of fact. There are, for instance, many enthralling pages in this book about English weather which would scandalize any reputable meteorologist. But if it did not happen as Mrs. Woolf said it happened to Orlando as she looked across London on the last midnight of the eighteenth century—if England did not go suddenly under a cloud—what other hypothesis will explain so brilliantly the change from the dry, warm candour of the eighteenth century to the damp and fecund evasions of the nineteenth? The meteorologist may see no reason for believing that English cabbages were any bigger in 1850 than in 1750. But as we follow Orlando's delicious dismay on being submerged by the creeping tide of Victorianism, we do not care a fig for the meteorologists. Shrubberies must have encroached on the lawns, ivy on the walls. It is because Mrs. Woolf audaciously flouts material fact in order to clarify spiritual fact—because she is so powerfully persuasive in this tricky, dangerous business of establishing poetic truth—that her tricks become enchantments and her method an artistic delight. In this book she is like a tight-rope walker attempting an impossible feat with this impossible Orlando on her back. At times we hold our breath, knowing that the laws of the material world are against her. There are ugly moments when she falters, scrambles, almost falls. Will she be dashed into the pit of bathos? But no, she rights herself, she has an infinite resource in balance. And in the end she lands Orlando safely on the other side. This journey from prose to poetry is, I feel, a performance of genius.

But who is Orlando? We meet him first (with photograph) at the end of the sixteenth century, a noble boy, writing tragedies, slashing at the suspended heads of Moors, and rushing downhill at dusk to his great house to proffer rose-water to Queen Elizabeth (and as he hurries through the servants' quarters he passes a "fat, rather shabby man, whose ruff was a thought dirty," writing poetry at a kitchen table, so that we think, with a thrill, "Shakespeare?"). We part from Orlando (also with a photograph which confirms Mrs. Woolf's estimate of her as a woman in the middle thirties; though by the clock and the biologists Orlando is a man of 350 summers) on October 11th, 1928, when she drove her car to Marshall & Snelgrove's to buy boy's boots and double sheets for the royal bed, and came away without them. It is only fair to mention that Orlando changed his sex in confusing circumstances at Constantinople, where, of course, anything might happen; he went to bed an ambassador at the height of a bloody revolution and woke, a woman, seven days later. In Mrs. Woolf's opinion a great deal too much can be made of this lapse. Orlando was a little uncomfortable at first, but for over a century afterwards she was as often in breeches as in petticoats; and it was only with the onset of damp and the Prince Consort that she fell to blushing at sight of her legs and took to crinolines and marriage.

Orlando's adventures must be left to Mrs. Woolf, but historians, who must often complain that no one who saw Marlowe in the flesh also saw Browning, will concede that Orlando, who was in a position to see both, is a great convenience to his biographer. There is a delicious account of how Orlando (male) entertained Nick Greene in the country and what befell there; but the richness of that comedy is not complete until Orlando (female), wandering in hansom-cab London, meets a prosperous old gentleman who, being none other than Sir Nicholas Greene, now the doyen of Victorian critics, plucks her poem from her and

*The Secret War Diary
of President Wilson's "Silent Partner"*
Ready next Friday

**THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF
COLONEL HOUSE**

edited by Professor Charles Seymour
volumes III and IV, 21s. net each

Their candour and completeness make *The Intimate Papers* of unrivalled interest and importance as a record of international politics. Volumes III and IV cover the vital years from the entry of America into the War to the close of the Paris Peace Conference. With the aid of hitherto unpublished cables and letters they make many dramatic revelations and throw new light on the inner history of the period.

ERNEST BENN LIMITED

Bouverie House, Fleet Street

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER

By CAPTAIN CANOT. Edited by MALCOLM COWLEY.

This unique document is a story of slaving and piracy on the Guinea Coast. Canot was a leader among the slavers. suave, politic, and unforgiving, the natives called him Mr. Gunpowder. At the end of his career, sitting like Aloysius Horn before a scribe, he told his exploits to a journalist who has preserved his memory in this book for ever.

With 8 plates, 15s. net.

**CONTEMPORARY MOVEMENTS
IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE**

Edited by WILLIAM ROSE and J. ISAACS. 10s. 6d. net.

The first serious attempt to picture twentieth-century literature and the effects on it of the Great War. England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, etc., are illuminatingly treated by a group of experts.

**FAMILIAR LETTERS ON
IMPORTANT OCCASIONS**

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Introduction by BRIAN W. DOWNS. 10s. 6d. net.

This delicious and little-known book of Richardson's, full of humour conscious and unconscious, throws a curious light on the social, artistic, and moral moods of the man and his age.

**ALLEGIANCE IN CHURCH
AND STATE**

By L. M. HAWKINS. 6s. net.

This study of the Nonjurors in the English Revolution is described by Dr. Gooch in his introduction as "a singularly thoughtful, suggestive, and well-balanced essay in the art of historical interpretation. She has chosen a theme of real interest."

**MEMOIRS OF THE
DUC LE LAUZUN**

Translated by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. With an Introduction by RICHARD ALDINGTON.

With 5 plates, 10s. 6d. net.

These intimate confessions of a man of forty are no doubt genuine. Lauzun, whose amorous adventures had taken him across Europe, and who had fought in the American War of Independence, appears in his autobiography as a romantic madcap.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

By BRIAN W. DOWNS, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. With a portrait, 6s. net.

This new volume in the *Republic of Letters* contains a full-length portrait of the sober-sided London tradesman who, in propagating virtue, became the father of the sensational best-seller and one of the great international figures of his century.

**THE AMERICAN INDIAN
FRONTIER**

By Professor W. C. MACLEOD. 13 maps, 25s. net.

"A story, epic and romantic. A vast amount of research has gone to the making of his conclusions. His book will be a standard work on the subject. But it is also immensely readable."—*Birmingham Post*.

LIBRARY OF EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

First two volumes of a series devoted to the borderland where psychology, sociology, and education meet.

EMOTION AND DELINQUENCY

By L. GRIMBERG, M.D. 7s. 6d. net.

A discussion of the heredity, family history, environment, and mental make-up of 500 female delinquents, criminals in the making.

THE CHILD IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY

By NATHAN MILLER, Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net.

Full of little-known material relating to children in savage and undeveloped societies, this important contribution shows how the social heritage creates the character of the individual.

ROUTLEDGE :: KEGAN PAUL

Broadway House, Carter Lane, London, E.C.4

promises to get it richly published and reviewed. Orlando, in fact, connects.

The question "Who is Orlando?" has a particular meaning, which is challenged by the photographs which illustrate her career. Mrs. Woolf is quite capable of making her up out of her own head. But if, as seems probable, she took a contemporary original and worked backwards, I am going to plump, as one of the uninstructed public, for a Sackville of Knole.

BARRINGTON GATES.

REPUBLICAN GERMANY

Republican Germany: A Political and Economic Study. By HUGH QUIGLEY and ROBERT T. CLARK. (Methuen. 15s.)

THERE are few stories more full of dramatic and human interest than that of the stages by which Germany rose from the depths of humiliation and defeat in 1918 to take her place in 1927 as one of the Great Powers with a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. Under any conditions this recovery would have been a great achievement within so brief a span of time, but it is made much more remarkable in the case of Germany by the fact that the young Republic had hardly been formed when it became involved in the inflation crisis which reached its climax in 1923, and which appeared at the time to bring in its train the destruction of the whole material basis of German civilization.

Messrs. Quigley and Clark have told the story of the political evolution of Republican Germany in the first 120 pages of their book, and have told it exceedingly well. It is obviously still much too soon for a final and authoritative interpretation of so recent a period of history, and it is probable that fuller information will modify some of their conclusions in regard to the motives and actions of certain of the characters on the German scene. To mention one instance only: the history of the Locarno Agreement, of the Dawes Scheme, of the currency stabilization, and of other important events, must necessarily be incomplete until full records are available of the rôle played by Lord D'Abernon, one of the greatest British Ambassadors of modern times. But within the scope of the material at their disposal the writers have produced an excellently written and, indeed, enthralling account of the early vicissitudes, the perils, and the triumphs of the Republic.

It is not possible to accord the same measure of praise to the remainder of the book, which is devoted to the economic recovery of Germany. Here the method of treatment is open to criticism. There is too much statistical and other detail, with the result that the narrative is apt to be confused and is certainly often dull. A great deal of space is given to industrial organization and to a description of the growth of the combination movement. The writers cherish a somewhat uncritical admiration for the working of the cartel system and do not seem aware of the fact that there is another side to that "widening of the profit margin" which they appear to regard so complacently. Their statement—"The beneficent function of competition in industrial organization has yet to be proved, but the value of the cartel in German industry has been demonstrated through the history of great expansion in production and material prosperity"—is a trifle sweeping, even in these days of rationalization. One surprising omission is the failure to note the importance, both in theory and practice, of the type of undertaking in which the State or municipality owns the capital while the management and control of the undertaking are in the hands of private enterprise. On the other hand, the authors give a well-informed and instructive account of the forces that have moulded the distinctively German attitude towards industrial organization, and especially of the influence thereon of Rathenau and Max Weber. The treatment of the labour policy of the Republic is generally sound in detail, but it is inadequate in relation to its importance, and it is not handled on broad enough lines. It is significant, in this connection, that Professor Sinzheimer's works are not cited in the useful bibliography appended to the volume. Finally, the chapter on finance is much the weakest in the whole book, the discussion of currency in general and the working of the Dawes Scheme in particular, being largely vitiated by an inadequate grasp of monetary principles.

The contrast between the two main sections into which this book is divided is so marked as to raise the question why it should seem harder to write well and interestingly on economic than on political history. It may be suggested that the answer is to be found in the different technique needed in the two cases. The mere description of economic phenomena is not history, however useful it may be as a statement of facts; it is more in the nature of economic journalism and, as such, tends to be dull and uninspiring. The sympathetic understanding of men and of their motives, which is so important a part of the equipment of the political historian, is not of much avail to the economic historian. The latter requires the capacity to conceive of details in their proper relation to the whole, and to secure order and coherence in the presentation of his material by co-ordinating facts within the broad framework of economic analysis.

A GOOD BEGINNING

Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man. ANONYMOUS. (Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)

THE first three-quarters of this book are taken up with descriptions of the author's life from the day he first swung his leg across a pony to the winter of 1913 when with four hunters of his own he first rode to a swagger pack. The last part describes his life at a depot and at the Front during the early years of the War. You have missed one of the most delightful things in life, it makes you feel, if you have never been a hunting man. Rather wistfully you learn that when horses are tired they like having their ears pulled; that you mix some water with the crushed oats, if your mount is suspected of whistling; that you should carry a cork if you are riding a tubed mare: the second horseman carries a terrier in a bag, and the kennels smell of oatmeal and boiled horsemeat. Then there are the other hunting men: the hard-riding farmers, the old hands who know every yard of the country, every habit of the fox; the retired colonel with twenty-seven pairs of top-boots, who reads the First Lesson of a Sunday morning unconscious of its Eastern savagery. And the English countryside, under the paling stars in the cubbing season, sunny or misty or wet, with its coppices and brooks and open valleys, pheasants, stoats, rheumatic yokels; the author writes fluently and affectionately of all this, rather like a Georgian poet. And in the summer, when there is no hunting, there are cricket matches on the village green. "This happy breed of men, this little world," he quotes on his title-page. But this is ironical. The first time he saw a fox, "Don't do that: they'll catch him," he exclaimed when someone shouted "Huick-holler!" He was only eleven at the time. And later he used to win point-to-points. But he was not born a hunting man; and I think the chief interest of the book is psychological.

The book has not the vestige of a plot. Indeed the life described differs from most in not containing the material for even one short story of the old type. The author was a very curious young man; or else he must have omitted a lot, one thinks, in order to produce something so far less strange than fiction. His relations with other people never become in the least complicated or explicitly emotional. At the end of the book he is about twenty-six, and not a kiss, not even a glance at a girl, is recorded. His feelings for the Master of the Hunt, it is true, seem at one point to become very intense, but they peter out quickly enough. A few horses, a few fellow hunting men or soldiers, a couple of servants, are all the animated beings with whom he is on familiar terms. Intimacy there is none, unless it be with the coverts he rides through and the fences that he leaps. Yet his is clearly an unsatisfied character with a capacity for strong emotion.

He never acts except upon, or against, the suggestions of others. He admires his groom, and his groom admires hunting men; so he becomes one. He leaves Cambridge because he is bored, London is merely the place where his tailor and bootmaker live, and where concerts are given. He never goes abroad till he is drafted to France. His most individual action is to join up two days before War is declared. He writes a most accomplished and cultivated style, and there are hints that he now regards hunting as too inhumane a pleasure. Evidently he has become very

Edward Arnold & Co.

Foreword by THE EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G.

THE EMPIRE IN THE NEW ERA (SPEECHES ON AN EMPIRE TOUR, 1927-8)

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P. 15s. net.

In these speeches the Dominions Secretary eloquently advocates Empire co-operation and outlines its possibilities.
"An inspiring book of Empire."—*Yorkshire Post*.

FROM DAY TO DAY, 1914-1915

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT SANDHURST, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. 18s. net.

The war diary of the then Lord Chamberlain, which vividly recalls the breathless days when English Society was bracing itself to "see the thing through."

THE TRANSIT OF EGYPT

By Lt.-Col. P. G. ELGOOD, C.M.G. 18s. net.

A sympathetic outline of Egyptian history, with particularly detailed treatment of the troubled post-war years.

A SAHARAN VENTURE

By Lt. DONALD CAMERON. Illustrated. 18s. net.

An account of an intrepid journey from Nigeria to Algeria across trackless deserts and through remote oases.

Completion of PROFESSOR ELTON'S Great Work.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1730-1780

(Ready next Thursday.)

By Professor OLIVER ELTON, D.Litt., LL.D., F.B.A. Two volumes. 32s. net.

Uniform with the Author's famous "Surveys," 1780-1830 and 1830-1880.

SOME RAMBLES OF A SAPPER

By Brig.-Genl. H. H. AUSTIN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Illustrated. 16s. net.

FOREIGN COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE FAR EAST

By Sir HESKETH BELL, G.C.M.G. 16s. net.

THE UNCONVENTIONAL GARDEN

By Sir ARTHUR HORT, Bart. 10s. 6d. net.

PROBLEMS OF INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE

By Major R. W. G. HINGSTON, M.C. 10s. 6d. net.

New Novels

THE SHADOW OF ABDUL

By H. K. GORDON, Author of "Prem." 7s. 6d. net.

This novel of Anglo-Indian social and political life, in which the heroine, the daughter of a police official, is finally kidnapped as a hostage in a murder trial, gives a startlingly vivid picture of the turmoil of India to-day.

A DRUG IN THE MARKET

By CUTHBERT BAINES, Author of "The Blue Poppy," etc. 7s. 6d. net.

An exciting detective story dealing with a plot to obtain possession of a witch-doctor's antidote for sleeping sickness and thus prevent the development of a rich African territory.

EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.
London: 41 & 43 Maddox Street

Mr. Huddleston's Lively Reminiscences

Bohemian, Literary & Social Life in Paris

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Illustrated. 21s. net.

Extract from full-column review in "Daily News" by Mr. Robert Lynd.

"Mr. Huddleston knows Paris as few living Englishmen know it. He has met everybody and discovered something interesting in everybody. He gives us a crowded picture of literary and Bohemian life in post-War Paris, at once critical, ironical and appreciative. He cannot conceal from himself that Paris is not what it once was. The Cocktail Epoch has arrived. He is perturbed by the growing cult of the sexually abnormal in literature and writes with common sense on this solemn imposture of our times. For the most part he is a gay gossip. In his book a long procession of Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans passes before us. Belloc and Sinclair Lewis are here, André Gide and Jules Romain, André Maurois and Isadora Duncan. An entertaining volume of personalia and a vivid account of the social and intellectual interests of contemporary Paris."

HARRAP

Success of Mrs. Guest's New Novel

The Yellow Pigeon

By CARMEL HADEN GUEST. 7s. 6d. net.

H. G. WELLS: "Better than 'Children of the Fog,' good as that was, and it holds the reader to the very end."

Observer: "Unusually worth attention. An amused but keen-edged portrait of social life behind the lines in the War. Inevitable tragedy and pathos are everywhere subordinated to humour. Mrs. Guest perfects her powers of observation to achieve a method like Jane Austen abroad."

Spectator: "Describes absorbingly and convincingly the reactions of various normally balanced people to conditions of tense excitement and tragedy. A true and vital book."

Apply for Autumn issue of the "Harrap Mercury" to

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO., LTD.
39, PARKER ST., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

A BOOK OF THE MOMENT

EUROPE'S ONLY HOPE:

AN INTERNATIONAL VERDICT

By FRANCES BONNET, author of "Truth: A Path to Peace." Cr. 8vo. 3/6 net. Cloth.

This book contains CONTRIBUTIONS by MANY EMINENT EUROPEAN and AMERICAN HISTORIANS and PUBLIC MEN on the INTERNATIONAL OUTLOOK and PEACE. UNIQUE and IMPRESSIVE—Should be Read by Everyone.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"Should stimulate all who have the cause of humanity at heart."—*T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*. "Backed by an impressive body of opinion."—*Sheffield Independent*. "Un livre dont on saisira le caractère de brûlante actualité."—*Mons. Alcide Ebray in Evolution*.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS & LIBRARIES.

CECIL PALMER, 49 Chandos Street, London, W.C.2

different from the young man he describes. When troops left England for the Front, the local clergyman addressed them. "And now God go with you," he would conclude, adding, "I will go with you as far as the station." When the author tells us this, we guess that it was the War that altered him so profoundly, but the book ends before he had digested his experiences. As a psychological study, therefore, it is incomplete. Reading each chapter, "This is delightful," one feels, "but it must not go on any longer. We must have development." It never comes, and the book remains interesting; but a second volume is required to make it significant. And the presence of a single asterisk on the cover suggests that perhaps one's wish for this will not be disappointed.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

MANY ADVENTURES

The Voyages and Travels of Captain Nathaniel Uring. With Introduction and Notes by CAPTAIN ALFRED C. DEWAR, R.N. (Cassells. 10s. 6d.)

A Voyage Round the World. By CAPTAIN GEORGE SHELVOCKE. With Introduction and Notes by W. G. PERRIN, F.R.Hist.S. (Cassells. 10s. 6d.)

The Voyage of Captain Thomas James for the Discovery of the North-West Passage. By COMMANDER R. B. BODILLY, R.N. (Dent. 6s.)

Hans Staden: The True History of his Captivity. Translated and edited by MALCOLM LETTS. (Routledge. 10s. 6d.)

THE increasing attention given by publishers to the literature of the sea is never more welcome than when it takes the form of reprinting old voyages and cruises, for it is from these first-hand records that we can best learn, not merely the conditions under which our ancestors lived, and traded, and fought afloat, but how it all appeared to the men themselves who carried their ill-found, scurvy-ridden cockleshells into uncharted seas, in quest of profit, or plunder, or discovery. Messrs. Cassell and Mr. G. E. Manwaring, the general editor of the "Seafarer's Library," are doing good work in the reproduction of voyages not previously reprinted, and of which the originals are scarce. Uring and Shelvocke are fully worthy of their place in the series.

Captain Nathaniel Uring was a seaman of the right sort; an honest, shrewd, hard-headed, and hard-handed merchant skipper, with a genius for getting into tight places, and out of them. Between 1697 and 1721, the period covered by his memoirs, he traded to the American Colonies and the Mediterranean; carried slaves from Africa to the West Indies; shipped logwood in Honduras; was Master and Captain in the Falmouth Packets. He was twice pressed for the Royal Navy, and served in the Baltic and at Vigo. Twice he was shipwrecked; three times he was captured by French privateers. His account of all he did and suffered, and of the places and peoples whom he saw in his varied career, is graphic, modest, and unmistakably truthful; it throws much light on the commerce of his time; above all, it is capital reading. The enjoyment shown by Captain Dewar in his admirable introduction will be shared by every fit reader.

Captain George Shelvocke, an ex-naval officer who went a-privateering in 1719, was of a different stamp. On his own showing, he could neither inspire nor control his crew of mutinous ruffians, and Mr. Perrin hints pretty strongly that he was lucky to escape the dock for piracy, and fraud on his owners. Nevertheless, he deserved the honour of an introduction by the Admiralty Librarian, for he is an entertaining writer, and his book has historical and literary importance. He shows us the seamy side of privateering, too often forgotten; he has the earliest known references to the guano trade and to gold in California; an incident of his voyage supplied the central theme of "The Ancient Mariner."

Among the heroes of Arctic exploration, Captain Thomas James must stand high. The story of his terrible winter in Hudson's Bay, with a ship of seventy tons, and a crew of twenty-two, will not easily be surpassed for courageous achievement, uncomplaining endurance, and unfailing resourcefulness. Seldom were leadership and discipline more severely tested; never did captain and crew answer the test more triumphantly. We could wish that Commander

Bodilly had been content to edit the full text of Captain James's own vivid log, instead of alternating quotation with summary and comment. Nevertheless this is a delightful book, most attractively produced.

That excellent series, "The Broadway Travellers," gives us the adventures of Hans Staden, a German gunner, who made two voyages to South America and, while serving the Portuguese in Brazil, was captured by cannibal Indians, among whom he remained for nine months, before effecting his escape. His narrative, first printed in 1557, was translated for the Hakluyt Society in 1874, but well deserves a wider public. Few men have been fattened up for eating, have been visited by prospective diners, anxious to choose their joints, and have survived to tell the tale. Staden's accuracy is not questioned, and his observations of the manners and customs of his captors, abounding in picturesque detail, have great historical and ethnographical value. Mr. Malcolm Letts, who has made the present translation, has edited it with loving care; his introduction has both learning and humour, and his notes are really helpful. A delightful feature of the book is the reproduction of more than fifty woodcuts from the original edition of 1557. They have a charming combination of naïveté and vigour, and they do really illustrate the narrative. Those which depict cannibal feasts leave, like Staden's own account, nothing to the imagination.

C. ERNEST FAYLE.

AN ENGLISH SOCIALIST

My Life. By GEORGE LANSBURY. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

MR. LANSBURY'S autobiography is the breathlessly sincere account of a creed in action. Throughout a life which has witnessed the rise and development of the Labour movement from the time when a Socialist Anarchist might end his defiant career as a Tariff Reformer, Mr. Lansbury has stood as a firm, practical champion of Socialism. An unbroken faith and enthusiasm keep bursting out from his galloping record of services for the Labour cause. Both qualities are nurtured on his obvious preference for activity as opposed to theory. If there are any doubts or problems to be faced they are better looked back on towards the end of life than dealt with in advance. Mr. Lansbury, looking back, does find some inconsistencies, some incompatibilities which are bound to cross the path of the reformer. It is hard, he finds, to be at the same time "a capitalist, Socialist propagandist, and a talking Christian." A theorist, having met this problem, would feel called upon to reconcile the three. Mr. Lansbury makes no suggestions; he is too honest, and he has no time. His book has all the fresh excitement of a chase after new pastures. Whether you vault the gate or climb it or squeeze through the bars is not important. Only, get across. This attitude explains his admiration for the Russia of 1926 as compared with its condition on his previous visit in 1920. Communism might be criticized as to method, but its results as Mr. Lansbury saw them justified a policy which, in the case of Britain, he condemns.

In a sense, then, it would be wrong to term Mr. Lansbury an idealist, although his confidence in a future free from poverty and discord is complete. But the work of the moment has always claimed his energies and enthusiasm. As a schoolboy in Whitechapel he led a successful agitation in favour of playtime; it was a foretaste of his later efforts. He organized a protest against the treatment of emigrants, based on his own experience in Queensland; joined the Socialists over the question of an eight hour day; proved too lively for his Party in the Commons; supported woman suffrage actively; all with a remarkable mingling of pacific principles and belligerent aggression. In allowing the word "Poplarism" to stand for his whole policy, he indicates sufficiently where the main results of his Socialistic reforms are to be found. The chapter dealing with Poplar and its administration is written as a challenge and defence, for it is here that Mr. Lansbury, as a practical man, can point to the definite achievements of his colleagues and himself. Poplar may not be a complete working model of Socialism, but of such as it is he invites inspection with an inventor's pride.

The Impotence of Man

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHEL

A sparkling epic on human futility affording much food for thought and calculated to take the conceit out of many of our intellectuals.

Richet is the author of "Idiot Man" and is professor at the Faculté de Médecin, Paris.

He was awarded the Nobel prize for psychology.

Translated by Lloyd Harvey — published by T. Werner Laurie Ltd. 7s. 6d. net

LAURIE'S
LIST

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

We pay the highest of market prices for first editions of modern authors.

The following are some books which we need particularly at the moment:—

Galsworthy: *Man of Property*, *Country House*, and any published under the name of Sinjohn. Douglas: *South Wind*. Barrie: *Better Dead*, *Little Minister*, *My Lady Nicotine*. Hardy: *The Dynasts*, *Poems of Past and Present*, and any 3 volume novels. Shaw: *Unsocial Socialist*, *Widowers' Houses*, and any privately printed books. De La Mare: *Songs of Childhood*. McFee: *Casuals of the Sea*, *Letters from an Ocean Tramp*. Butler: *Way of All Flesh*, *Erewhon*.

DAVIS & ORIOLI,

30, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

An educated palate deserves

DE RESZKE

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

Americas - 25 for 1/10

American De Luxe - 25 for 2/-

De Reszke Virginia - 20 for 1/-

Tenor (Turkish) - 25 for 1/2

Egyptian Blend - 20 for 2/-

De Reszke Turki - 20 for 1/-

J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD., 86, PICCADILLY, W.1

WINTER SONATA



6s.
net

By
DOROTHY EDWARDS
Author of "Rhapsody"

WISHART & COMPANY
19 Buckingham Street, W.C.2

SHORTLY

ANTHONY COMSTOCK

Roundsman of the Lord

by Heywood Broun

& Margaret Leech

For more than 40 years this hard-boiled puritan pursued his campaign against vice—or what he considered vice—in art, letters and social life. The story is here told with sympathy and humour.

Demy 8vo 28 illustrations 15s. net

INVOCATIONS TO ANGELS

by Edgell Rickword

Poems by the author of *Behind the Eyes* and *Arthur Rimbaud*, and Editor of *Scrutinies*. 5s. net

HUMOURS UNRECONCILED

A Tale of Modern Japan

by Sherard Vines

7s. 6d. net

WISHART & COMPANY,
19 Buckingham Street, W.C.2

ELECTRICITY

Modern Conceptions of Electricity. By CHARLES R. GIBSON.
(Seeley & Service, 12s. 6d.)

THE genial Professor P. G. Tait—the lifelong colleague of Lord Kelvin in "Thomson and Tait" and other manifold enterprises—one day began a lecture to his Edinburgh class in Natural Philosophy with a rhetorical question—"What is electricity, gentlemen?" During the impressive pause which followed, a shy student in the front bench, finding the Professor's eye fixed on him, blushed and stammered out, to the general joy, "I did know, sir, but I have forgotten." Tait shook out his gown with a characteristic gesture, and observed, "Gentlemen, this is the greatest tragedy of my life. We have here the only man who ever knew what electricity was—and he has forgotten!"

That was a little over forty years ago, and in the past generation—as Dr. Gibson reminds us in his new book—our theoretical knowledge and our practical applications of electricity have both advanced with amazing strides. It is just half a century since the electric light made its first appearance in the streets of Paris—incidentally giving occasion for R. L. Stevenson's characteristic protest that "a man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed." Nowadays we take electric light as a matter of course, clean, cheap, and convenient. It surprised some of us in the war to discover that a single candle in one of the handy reflector lamps which then came again on the market enabled us to read as comfortably as the sixty-watt lamps which we use to-day at home. One of the few good points about the war was that it jolted us out of many of our habitual ideas as to what was necessary for a comfortable existence.

Even electric light is not the last word on the subject, and many inventors are hot on the track of the glow-worm's secret. Sir Oliver Lodge pointed out long ago that our present methods of lighting are as wasteful "as though, in order to sound some little shrill octave of pipes in an organ, we were obliged to depress every key and every pedal and to blow a young hurricane." Mr. Gibson, with an instructive diagram, reminds us that the waves in the ether range in size from the wireless waves, some of which are as much as 200 miles from crest to crest, down to the inconceivable minute waves producing the Gamma rays, of which 450 millions go to an inch. The waves which affect our eyes and which we call light form only one tiny octave, ranging from 34,000 to 70,000 to the inch, and the problem of cheap lighting is to produce these waves, as the glow-worm does, without wasting energy as we do on heat waves and the rest. A boy turning a handle could, if his energy were properly directed, produce as much light as a great steam-engine driving huge dynamos now does—just as a few pounds of coal, if we could tap its intra-atomic energy, would take the "Mauritania" across the Atlantic and back.

The most interesting part of Mr. Gibson's book describes the modern speculations as to the nature of matter which lead to such conclusions and may any day bring about such practical results. It is true that we still do not know actually what electricity is, any more than did Tait or Franklin or Gilbert or the Wise Men of Greece. But we are now driven to the belief that electricity is the primitive material or *ur-stoff* of which the whole physical universe is built up. The various modern conceptions of the atom, of which Dr. Gibson gives a clear account with helpful diagrams, all regard it as a kind of planetary system, with a central nucleus round which one or more electrons revolve. The simplest atom is that of hydrogen, which has a nucleus consisting of one proton, or unit charge of positive electricity, and one planetary electron, or unit charge of negative electricity. The most complicated is that of uranium, which probably contains hundreds of electrons revolving about an exceptionally heavy nucleus.

Mr. Gibson gives an account of the various attempts which have been made actually to break up these atomic planetary systems by a bombardment with the Alpha par-

ticles—or molecules of helium—which are naturally flung out by radium and a few other unstable elements. When hydrogen is thus bombarded, for instance, it has been found that the nuclei of the atoms, each consisting of a single proton, are detached by collisions with the heavy helium particles. Hitherto these experiments have been made on a small scale and at great expense, but it is hoped that one day they will lead to the discovery of a commercial method of tapping the intra-atomic energy, which is almost infinitely greater than that obtainable by any chemical reaction, such as the burning of fuel.

We regret to say that Dr. Gibson's book suffers from an apparent lack of revision. There is an absurd blunder in the table on page 36, implying that 39.9 is less than 39.10. The author speaks regularly of "a strata," "a spectra," "a quanta," which jars on one's feelings; and he ought not to have passed such a slovenly sentence as follows: "The calculation of the charge in the case of the oil and of mercury were found to be identical with the charge of a single electron."

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

A Conversation with an Angel. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Reading for Pleasure. By R. ELLIS ROBERTS. (Methuen. 5s.)

THEY say no man can tickle himself, but here is Mr. Hilaire Belloc digging himself in his own ribs and laughing and expostulating with his own forefinger. Perhaps the explanation of the phenomenon is that Mr. Belloc has developed a detached awareness of his own qualities to such a degree that he is almost a dual personality, but of course with complete and contemporaneous understanding between the personalities, and at times more than understanding—intrigue. So Mr. Belloc, Junior, he who prods with the forefinger, describes with humour and patronage what Mr. Belloc, Senior, he who is prodded, felt when he first saw a Seahorse, and how Mr. Belloc, Senior, loves Pavement Artists and William the Conqueror. But Mr. Belloc, Junior, is a tormentor. His quips about digressions never cease, and his insistence on laughter is not always seasonable. When it is unseasonable, this may be the result: "A writer's business is to write. I do not know if Aristotle said this. If he did not, he ought to have." Which is impertinent to Aristotle and does neither Mr. Belloc justice.

The best joke is the one against the reader, who starts so hungrily to read an essay upon, say, "Getting rid of People," and at the end of it feels much as a man who has been lured into a shop by a notice "Blisko, Good for Flies," only to find Blisko is a fly-food and not a fly-killer. Mr. Belloc is, however, never as crude as that, and the reader is never so baulked that he lacks the heart to turn to the next essay; indeed, he turns with hope. "The great journalist knows that almost nothing is really important, and almost anything is news," so Mr. Ellis Roberts says in "Reading for Pleasure." Mr. Belloc knows that, but he also knows that if you are Mr. Belloc almost anything you say is important, however old the news.

The better a writer, the more disappointing it is to find he is giving you a republished review. We want to hear what Mr. Roberts says under the heading "Can we read Shakespeare?" We are pleased with the idea of the fuss there would be if Mr. Noel Coward wrote "Measure for Measure," or "if Mr. D. H. Lawrence dared write anything as violently oversexed as 'Antony and Cleopatra,' or as madly unreasonable as 'Othello.'" We are entertained to discover that Mr. Frank Harris never succeeded in persuading Mr. Roberts "that Shakespeare was so like Mr. Frank Harris as that eccentric and able critic believed." But how bitter, suddenly to find we must sit up and listen for the rest of the essay to a description of an edition of Shakespeare which we did not buy at the time of publication and do not intend to buy now. No doubt Mr. Roberts felt a little cheated too, probably he would like writing as well as reading to be for pleasure; and in any case cavilling is ungracious, for he gives his sane views in very good measure. If he labours a thesis upon Swift, he rewards us with an

NOTES ON A famous TOBACCO



Chairman Smokers—
The Bishop

So much has been written in praise of Tobacco in general that it is next to impossible to speak about it at all without becoming tedious.

Words such as "fragrance," "aroma" and the like, cut no ice (as Mr. Babbitt and his countrymen would phrase it) where the smoker of to-day—with a hundred brands to choose from—is concerned.

We ask all pipe enthusiasts, then, to try "Chairman": to discover for themselves those inimitable qualities which the good old hackneyed terms are powerless adequately to describe.

Afterwards, if you like, write and tell us what you think—but disappointment with it will be a novel thing for us to hear about.

Chairman TOBACCO

If your pocket must rule your palate, smoke "Chairman EMPIRE"—the most fragrant and lasting of all Empire Mixtures. 10d. per oz.

"Chairman" is made in medium strength.
"Boardman's" is the identical mixture but milder.
"Recorder" the same—fuller-flavoured.

1/1½

per oz. of all tobaccoists.

R. J. LEA, LTD.

STOCKPORT ☉6

The test of
a TERRY.



Pat. at
Home
and
Abroad.

Let a "Terry" take the strains. Feel its easy, responsive action as its cushion of springs beneath you seeps up all shocks and vibrations. It never needs breaking in—never sags with wear.

Fit a "Terry" and ride in comfort. Cycle models C.T.C. and ordinary Ladies' and Gent's, 18/6. Motor-cycle models, 42/-. 36/6. List free.

A "Terry" Saddle makes an ideal Christmas gift.

If difficult to obtain please write us.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD.
Redditch England Est. 1855.

HIS MAJESTY'S COASTGUARD By FRANK BOWEN

The story of this important Naval Force from the earliest times to the present day. In one large handsome volume, with numerous illustrations. Mr. Bowen's book takes us from the "bad old days" when our shores were infested with smugglers, through the intriguing times of the Great War, when the enemy's coastal activities were rife, up to the present time. 18s. net

THE LAND OF THE FROZEN TIDE By LOUISE ROURKE

Public Opinion: "One of the most vivid and realistic accounts of the Great North-West Territory of Canada which has been penned. It is obvious the author speaks of that which she knows." *Daily Mirror*: "The reader is brought to close quarters with the everyday life of the Athabaskan Indians and learns something of the folklore, superstitions, and strange customs of the district." *Eastern Daily Press*: "A valuable record of a chapter of pioneer endeavour which is by no means the least distinguished in the history of the Empire." *Liverpool Post*: "Few of the many books about the North-West Provinces of Canada can have been written by women, and there should be a special welcome, therefore, for a good one." Profusely illustrated on art paper throughout, 21s. net

A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH BOOK By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Birmingham Gazette: "Mr. Eden Phillpotts brings to all his books about Dartmoor the eye of the artist, the heart of a friend, and the mind of the nature-lover... contains many passages of... beauty." *Sunday Times*: "Nobody surely knows the West Country better than Mr. Phillpotts, and nobody can write of it with a completer understanding or a more profound sympathy." *New Statesman*: "Excellent done." *Liverpool Courier*: "A book of charm."

Attractively bound, 7s. 6d. net

Send for Autumn List No. 56.

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4.
Also Publishers of HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE
and WOMAN, 1/- each Month.

"The Magic of Islam"

NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Private Independent Tours by *modèle de luxe* six-cylinder 3, 4 and 5-seater Landauls or Limousines—choose your own time and your own routes.

Carefully arranged tours, for individual bookings in landulet type 10-seater coaches with ten (only) arm-chair seats.

Every arrangement can be made for those taking their own cars.

ALGERIA • TUNISIA
MOROCCO • THE SAHAR

Courteous attention and service at every one of the 42 famous "TRANSATLANTIQUE" Hotels now opened expressly for the Company's tours.

All mail steamers, cars, coaches, six-wheel "Desert Cars," motor lunch pavilions, camps, etc., owned and managed by the Company. Responsible representatives at all stops.

Write for Booklet.

Compagnie Générale

TRANSATLANTIQUE LTD.

FRENCH LINE

20, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1



epigram upon his verse: "There are some poems which are as dreadful and as easy as though one of the major prophets had written *vers de société*."

While Mr. Belloc makes "A Conversation with an Angel" a unity by his personality, "Reading for Pleasure" wins unity by giving a coherent opinion upon literature. And since both books are unities, it does not matter that in one the indignation of the suppressed reformer rips through the discourse like an atmospheric, and that in the other is sometimes heard the plaintive noise of an axe being gently ground.

STYLE AND THE NATURALIST

The Lure of Birdwatching. By E. W. HENDY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
Gilbert White: Pioneer, Poet, and Stylist. By WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S. (Murray. 15s.)

E. W. HENDY has not written nearly as bad a book as one might at first think. He is undoubtedly a competent field-naturalist, though no discovery of his is of first-rate importance. What matters more is that he seems to have a genuine and sincere passion for "Nature," and if only he were able to express his feelings successfully, he might have some claim to a place among the great English naturalists. But this unfortunately he is quite unable to do. His constant use of journalistic clichés and pointless and threadbare quotations, and his taste for the worst of the late minor romantic poets, make him exasperating to read, and fail to express anything at all.

Mr. Walter Johnson's book on Gilbert White is clearly the work of a thorough and painstaking scholar who loves his subject. This is not to be wondered at, for "The Natural History of Selborne" is one of the most "sweet and amusing" of books, and White himself one of the few completely sympathetic characters of his century. Mr. Johnson makes out a much better case than we should have thought possible for White's importance as a scientific pioneer, though forced to admit that he seldom troubled to find proof for his very shrewd suggestions.

But, as the author points out, White owes his fame not to his discoveries, but to his prose style. Though this is very competently and thoroughly analyzed, we do not think that White is given quite his due or that the analysis is altogether complete. White as a stylist is not only one of the greatest of the English naturalists, second only to Jefferies, but he certainly deserves a very high place among all English writers, though few professional critics, with the exception of Sir Leslie Stephen, have thought him worth much attention.

Mr. Johnson is forced to admit that, as a poet, White was an undistinguished imitator of Pope. In his prose he was often able to obtain effects comparable to those of poetry, though always too sensible and good mannered for outbursts like those of Hudson—or Mr. Hendy. Mr. Johnson quotes the passage describing the autumn flights of the rooks over Selborne—and he ought surely to have added that on those "bold and majestic mountains, the Sussex Downs," in which he only sees bad geology—in proof of White's ability to convey the emotions aroused by Nature. What makes passages like these so effective is not only their own balance and restraint, and the perfect choice of words, but the immense solidity and weight of the rest of the book supporting them. The picture of Selborne produced by the accumulation of minute detail is so thoroughly impressed on the mind that they seem as natural as the suddenly changing moods of a familiar landscape. They produce none of those feelings of distaste, caused by unreality and rhetoric, that are often aroused by prose poetry.

The comparison with White is most unfair to Mr. Hendy, but it enables one to see the reasons for his failure and White's success. Mr. Hendy's lyrical descriptive passages, often very sincerely felt, and brightly and vividly coloured, not only lack restraint and are badly phrased, but they are never supported by any sense in the reader's mind of a real world of which they formed a part.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE following are some recent travel books: "Westward to Mecca," by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah (Witherby, 12s. 6d.); "A Glimpse of Greece," by Edward Hutton (Medici Society, 18s.); "Moonlight, Giraffes, and Frying-pans," by Selma Whitehouse (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), which tells of travel in Africa; "Escapes and Adventures," by Wallace Ellison (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.), a story of war-time adventures; "Through the French Provinces," by Ernest Peixotto (Scribners, 12s. 6d.), a new edition of a book describing various parts of France; "A Famous Corner of Tuscany," by Evangeline E. Whipple (Jarrolds, 15s.)

Messrs. Benn have begun an interesting new Sixpenny Series called "Self and Society Booklets." The first six booklets are "The Faith of a Democrat," by Philip Snowden; "The Road to Enjoyment," by Dr. L. P. Jacks; "The Discovery of the Consumer," by Mrs. Sidney Webb; "The Recovery of Citizenship," by Harold J. Laski; "Producer v. Consumer," by Sir Ernest Benn; "Daily Bread," by Evelyn Sharp.

Among biographies the following may be noted: "The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia" (Longmans, 25s.); "Political Memoirs, 1914-1917," by H.R.H. Prince of Nicholas of Greece (Hutchinson, 24s.); "The Reign of the House of Rothschild," by Count Corti (Gollancz, 25s.); "Ellaline Terriss," by Herself (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); "Memories of my Father," by Sir Henry Dickens (Gollancz, 6s.); "My War Memoirs," by Dr. Benes (Allen & Unwin, 21s.); "Eton and Elsewhere," by M. D. Hill (Murray, 12s.).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Short Stories of To-day and Yesterday. (Harrap. 2s. 6d. each.)

This new Series of Short Stories, of which the first seven volumes are by Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, W. W. Jacobs, Anthony Trollope, Barry Pain, Bret Harte, and Morley Roberts, is of a handy pocket size and remarkably cheap for the price. The books are well printed in clear type on good paper; they are bound in cloth with attractive jackets in two colours. Each volume contains about 250 pages, and the series should prove a delightful companion at all times, especially when travelling or at the bedside.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

H.M.V. RECORDS

SCHUBERT'S Pianoforte Quintet in A major, nicknamed the "Trout" because the air in the fourth movement is taken from Schubert's song "Forellen," was recorded earlier in the year by Columbia. It is now again recorded by H.M.V. (Four 12-in. records. D1484-7. 6s. 6d. each), the players being Backhaus piano, Mangeot violin, Howard viola, Withers 'cello, and Hobday double-bass. As regards playing, we are inclined just to prefer the H.M.V. On the other hand the tone is not uniformly quite as good as it might be. Mr. Backhaus suffers most from this, for there have certainly been records recently in which the pianoforte came out better than in this. It is not an unimportant consideration that the H.M.V. get on to four records what Columbia reproduces on four and a half.

Mr. Backhaus appears on another record in pianoforte solos. He plays very well Albeniz's "Triana" and Schubert's Military March in E flat (DB1125. 8s. 6d.), and here the recording of the piano is much more successful. The best instrumental record is, however, a very fine performance on the organ by Dr. Bairstow of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B minor and "O Come, Saviour of the World" (Two 12-in. records. C1535-6. 4s. 6d. each). Dr. Bairstow plays on the organ of York Minster.

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Stokowski, is admirable once more, playing the Prelude to "Lohengrin" (12-in. record. D1463. 6s. 6d.). Another technically good orchestral record is one on which La Scala Orchestra, Milan, plays with great spirit a rather absurd "Song of the Nightingale," by Napravnik, and the lively "Secret of Susanna" Overture of Wolf-Ferrari (D1488. 6s. 6d.).

Those who like sentimental tenors of the most sentimental and most popular variety will find all that they like in Mr. McCormack singing "The Little Silver Ring" and "Bird Songs at Eventide" (DA973. 6s.).

COMPANY MEETING.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD
AN EVERYDAY NECESSITY.

The Annual General Meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said it had been on occasions suggested that the company's was primarily a luxury business, but this idea was quite fallacious. "The World's Art Service," by its widespread activities and its continual propaganda had long ago transformed what was once a luxury, and might otherwise have remained one, into an everyday necessity. Art in its hundred-and-one phases had increasingly become a vital factor in the lives of all, the balance-sheets of this company indicating, as a barometer, the steady rise in the public demand for their publications. At the present moment they had the largest staff on their pay-roll that they had ever had—a strong indication of the vitality of the business. The Christmas Card Department, which was one of the most important branches of their activity, continued to make steady progress. The company's books maintained a wide vogue and popularity. It was always interesting to produce books which could make their appeal to children of all ages and to adults. The child's taste in literature to-day had undergone a great change, and they had to cater for the young in such a way as to interest their minds and stimulate their desire to read.

Their old friend "Father Tuck's Annual" was now aged 31, and was more than ever beloved by young children. The various publications emanating from their book department numbered over 400—gift books, toy books, painting books, and a series of remarkably novel transfer books.

The growth of their calendar trade in recent years must certainly be attributed to the fact that their calendars were being largely bought by the public at Christmas time, not merely for their own homes, but to send away as Christmas presents. A calendar made an ideal present because it remained with the recipient throughout the whole year. The directors recommend a final dividend on the ordinary shares for the six months to April 30th, 1928, at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, making a total of 8 per cent. for the year. He might say without exaggeration that never did the company's reputation stand higher, and never was there a time when they enjoyed in greater fullness the confidence and goodwill of the public whom they served.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the report, which was unanimously adopted.

On smoking
terms with
your pipe—

when—



Waverley
Mixture

THAT SECRET BLEND OF RARE TOBACCOS

Made by Lambert and Butler, Established 1836. Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. W.A.32

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK
READY TO-DAY

MORE FAMOUS TRIALS

by the RT. HON. THE EARL OF
BIRKENHEAD, P.C.

Profusely illustrated, in one large handsome volume.
Uniform with "Famous Trials of History." 21s. net

This new important book by the Author of "Famous Trials of History" (now in its 9th impression) will be eagerly sought after by the great British reading public, and all who wish to receive this book on publication should without fail place their order with their Bookseller or Library immediately.

POLITICAL MEMOIRS

By H.R.H. PRINCE
NICHOLAS OF GREECE

Author of "My Fifty Years," etc.

In one large handsome volume, with numerous illustrations, 21s. net

H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece will be remembered for his autobiography which appeared last year. In the present book he deals with the political activities with which he has directly and indirectly been associated, and the result is a volume which is at once vitally interesting and revealing.

"The volume will be found by historians and politicians to be vitally interesting"—*Nottingham Guardian*.

Send Post Card for New Autumn List
HUTCHINSON
& CO. (Publishers) Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4

We have a debt of £5,500 and need your help.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

earnestly appeal for help in paying off this loan. The Society is very anxious to be clear of this heavy burden by the end of this year. A most important work is being carried on in the Society's various Homes in London and the Country and in the Training Ship 'Arethusa.' Money has to be found daily to feed, clothe, and educate over 1,100 children.

Patrons:

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

President:

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Chairman and Treasurer:

FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq.

Deputy Chairman: LORD DARYNGTON.

Chairman of 'Arethusa' Committee:

HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.

Songsters: F. BRIAN PELL, A.F.C.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

When responding, please mention "The Nation and Athenæum."



THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CONTENTS: NOVEMBER, 1928. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BATTLE FOR FREE TRADE

By the Right Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON
CHURCH AND STATE By the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF OXFORD
THE PRESENT SITUATION OF THE INDIAN PRINCES

By Major-General His Highness the MAHARAJA DHIRAJ OF
PATIALA, C.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., A.D.C.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S THEORY OF SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM
By FRANCIS W. HIRST

POLAND: THE RESURRECTION OF A NATION By F. S. MARVIN
THE REVOLT OF ASIA: A CLASH OF CIVILISATIONS

By Prince A. LOBANOV-ROSTOVSKY
CANADA'S NEW INTERNATIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES

By Professor F. H. SOWARD
MAYOR THOMPSON AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Professor DIXON R. FOX
FRANZ SCHUBERT (Jan. 31, 1797—Nov. 19, 1828) By F. D. WISEMAN
GEORGIA UNDER RUSSIAN DOMINATION

By Dr. CONSTANTINE GVARJALADZE
RICHARD JEFFERIES By LORNA KEELING COLLARD
AMAZING DEATH VALLEY By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

MISFORTUNES OF THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON
By CHARLES PENDRILL
FOREIGN AFFAIRS By GEORGE GLASGOW

THE ANGLO-FRENCH "GAFFE"; MR. VENISELOS AT WORK; DANGEROUS
LEVITY IN THE RHINELANDS; RUSSIA AND THE WEST.
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MOND NICKEL—ROUMANIA—SHELL AND ANGLO-PERSIAN—HERRBURGER BROOKS

ATIRE investor wanting a thrill should have bought 100 Mond Nickel 10s. ordinary shares at 8½ on Monday morning. On Monday night he would have seen his £825 worth of shares drop to below £750, and on Tuesday morning to £650. After a hectic day, during which the price dropped at one time to nearly £6 per share, he would have found his parcel worth £693 15s. at the close of dealing. There is no moral to this illustration. Mond Nickel shares rose in anticipation of the merger with International Nickel, and fell on the premature announcement of that merger. Both companies own nickel-copper ore deposits in the mining district of Sudbury, Ontario. Both have holdings in what is known as the Froid mine—a phenomenal mine because the lower levels—below 2,000 feet—have yielded a much higher grade of ore. Mond Nickel has a share capital of £4,950,000—£3,750,000 in preference shares and £1,200,000 in ordinary shares of 10s.—and International Nickel of \$50,747,200 (£10,463,340)—\$8,912,600 in preferred shares and \$41,834,600 in common shares of \$25. The merger contemplates the formation of a holding company which will offer one ordinary share for every one Mond Nickel share of 10s., and six ordinary shares for every one International Nickel share of \$25, the Mond Nickel preference shares receiving an equal number of 7 per cent. preference shares in the holding company. As International Nickel were quoted in New York at \$180, dealers in London promptly marked the price of Mond Nickel down to about one-sixth of that quotation, which is £6 3s. 9d.

It is idle to speculate on the potential earnings of a merger company. On the other hand, to assume that Mond Nickel are worth one sixth of one International Nickel share does not necessarily mean that Mond Nickel are worth £6 3s. 9d. International Nickel shares may be over-valued. The rise in the market valuation of International Nickel shares has certainly been phenomenal. The next table will show the highest and lowest market prices since 1924, together with the dividends and earnings per share:—

	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928
Highest	27½	48½	46½	89½	190
Lowest	11½	24½	32½	38½	73½
Dividends	nil	4%	8%	8%	12%*
Earnings per sh.	\$0.91	\$2.98	\$3.00	\$3.30	\$2.88†

* Quarterly rate 3%.

† For 1st half year.

At \$180 International Nickel shares yield only 1.67 per cent. on dividends, and 1.83 per cent. on last year's earnings. Even assuming that the Company will earn as much as \$6 per share this year, International Nickel shares are now selling at 30 times current earning power. Even if the development of the Froid mine should have doubled its earnings in the next few years—i.e., \$12 per share—the shares would still be yielding only 6.67 per cent. on potential earnings. If International Nickel shares are therefore over-valued at \$180, so are Mond Nickel at £6 3s. 9d. Indeed, at this price Mond Nickel 10s. ordinary shares still yield only 2.2 per cent. on last year's dividends of 27½ per cent., or 2.67 per cent. on last year's earnings of 33 per cent. For the long view buyers of Mond Nickels at 6 3-16 may be right. It may be the long view which counts; but it is the short view which hurts.

The stabilization of European currencies (which British export industries have patiently waited for) is now virtually complete. *De jure* stabilization is shortly to be carried through—with the aid of foreign capital—by Bulgaria and Roumania. In the case of Bulgaria the loan will be issued under the auspices of the League of Nations. In the case of Roumania national pride rebelled against League intervention. Did not Poland obtain a loan outside the League, and was not Roumania an allied country? But the Roumanian loan is to be international enough in character—

United States, England, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Belgium participating—so that it cannot be argued that there is any taint of a "political" loan to Roumania from France. The attempts of the Harmsworth Press to kill the Roumanian loan have been singularly unsuccessful. Politically, there is bitter strife between the Liberal and Peasant Parties, but it is absurd to suggest that there is social instability seeing that the big estates were distributed among the peasants in 1921. As far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, the way for a Roumanian stabilization loan is made clear by the restoration to the Stock Exchange official list of the Roumanian 4½ per cent. loan, 1913, on the resumption of payments on the ex-emery bonds.

The pooling of their marketing organizations in the East (South and East Africa, Egypt, Sudan, Palestine, Syria, the Red Sea, and Ceylon) by the Royal Dutch-Shell group and the Anglo-Persian is the logical outcome of the recent purchase of the rights to 1,000,000 Shell Transport shares by the Burmah Oil Company. We remarked at that time that the position of the Royal Dutch-Shell group had become impregnable. It had no longer anything to fear from Anglo-Persian because the Burmah Oil Company, with its interest in both Anglo-Persian and Shell, could now see that the two companies co-operated in future instead of competing. We inferred that the influence of Burmah Oil would be cast on the side of Shell. It is to be observed that the Anglo-Persian has declared a dividend of 7½ per cent. for the year 1927-28. This dividend gives Burmah Oil a revenue of £213,719 net on its holding of 3,561,990 Anglo-Persian shares. On the other hand, if Shell pays 25 per cent. tax free on its increased capital, as is anticipated, Burmah Oil will receive £250,000 net on its holding of 1,000,000 Shell shares. Hence, at the moment Burmah Oil is more interested in Shell than Anglo-Persian. That surely explains why Burmah Oil has offered its new debenture holders the right to take over 666,666 of its Anglo-Persian shares (except voting rights). It must, however, be stated that the pooling of Eastern markets with Shell on a 50-50 basis will give Anglo-Persian an immediate increase in its revenue, because in some of these markets it had not begun to earn anything at all. But from a dividend yield basis Anglo-Persian seem destined to stand permanently over-valued.

In the midst of a gramophone boom the cry of "back to pianos" will go unheard. Nevertheless, Herrburger Brooks Ltd., the largest manufacturers in this country of pianoforte actions, have just disclosed a 20 per cent. increase in profits in their report for the year ending June 30th, 1928. This Company acquired control a year ago of two companies engaged in the manufacture of piano hammers and keys. The purchase price was £240,000, which was satisfied in part by the allotment of 18,559 shares at a premium of 25s. per share. The payment of the balance was spread over a period of years, no amount being payable until a dividend of 15 per cent. tax free had been provided out of each year's net profits. The Company has paid 15 per cent. tax free in dividends and actually earned 23 per cent., a surplus of 8 per cent., or £20,000 on its capital of £250,000. This enabled the Company to reduce the outstanding balance of the purchase money by £17,369 to its present figure of £83,729. The carry forward, however, amounts to no less than £98,107, so that the balance could have been paid off at one stroke. The Company will, however, spread its payments over a period of two or three years and continue to write off out of its profits the goodwill item, which stands at £91,142. At 52s. 6d. the shares cum dividend—to yield about 6 per cent. free of tax or 7½ per cent. gross—seem to be a sound industrial investment.

aly,
ium
any
The
ian
ere
but
ing
s in
way
the
the
of

the
ria,
up
ent
res
me
be-
om
its
see
of
Oil
red
per
ah
90
ys
ci-
ng
ah
at
en-
lo-
er,
on
ase
ot
ld
ly

ck
er
of
n-
ne
of
no
0,
es
ce
le
d
er
.,
of
t-
ts
r,
ld
r-
rs
ll
m
er